

From Hogarth's Works, by the Rev. Mr. Trustier.

• MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

SIXTH PICTURE.—DEATH OF THE COUNTESS.

THE last sad scene of our unfortunate heroine's life is in the house of her father, to which she had returned after her husband's death. The law could not consider her as the primary cause of his murder; but consciousness of her own guilt was more severe punishment than that could have inflicted. This, added to her father's reproaches, and the taunts of those who were once her friends, renders society hateful and solitude insupportable. Wounded in every feeling, tortured in every nerve, and seeing no prospect of a period to her misery, she takes the horrid resolution of ending all her calamities by poison.

Dreadful as is this resolve, she puts it in execution by bribing the servant of her father to procure her a dose of laudanum. Close to the vial, which lies on the floor, Hogarth has judiciously placed Counsellor Silvertongue's last dying speech, thus intimating that he also has suffered the punishment he justly merited. The records of their fate being thus situated, seem to imply that, as they were united in vice, they are companions in the consequences. These two terrific and monitory testimonies are a kind of propitiatory sacrifice to the manes of her injured and murdered lord.

Her avaricious father, seeing his daughter at the point of death, and knowing the value of her diamond ring, determined to secure this glittering gem from the depredation of the old nurse, coolly draws it from her finger. This little circumstance shows a prominent feature of his mind. Every sense of feeling absorbed in extreme avarice, he seems at this moment calculating how many carats the brilliants weigh.

A rickety child, heir to the complaints of its father, shows some tenderness for its expiring mother; and the grievous whine of an old nurse is most admirably described. These are the only two of the party who exhibit any marks of sorrow for the death of our wretched countess. The smug apothecary, indeed, displays some

symptoms of vexation at his patient dying before she has taken his julep, the label of which hangs out of his pocket. Her constitution, though impaired by grief, promised to have lasted long enough for him to have marked many additional dittos in his day-book. Pointing to the dying speech, he threatens the terrified footboy with a punishment similar to that of the counsellor for having bought the laudanum. The fellow protests his innocence, and promises never more to be guilty of a like offence. The effects of fear on an ignorant rustic cannot be better delineated, nor is it easy to conceive a more ludicrous figure than this awkward retainer, dressed in an old full-trimmed coat, which, in its better days, had been the property of his master. By the physician retreating, we are led to conceive that, finding his patient had dared to quit the world in an irregular way, neither abiding by his prescriptions nor waiting for his permission, he cast an indignant frown on all present, and exclaimed in style heroic:—

“Fellow, our hat!”—no more he deign'd to say,
But, stern as Ajax' sceptre, stalk'd away."

The leathern buckets immediately over the doctor's head were, previous to the introduction of fire engines, considered as proper furniture for a merchant's hall. Every ornament in his parlor is highly and exactly appropriate to the man. The style of his pictures, his clock, a cobweb over the window, repaired chair, nay, the very form of his hat, are characteristic.

Thus has our moral dramatist concluded his tragedy, and brought his heroine from dissipation and vice to misery and shame, terminating her existence by suicide! From the whole we may form a just estimate of the value of riches and high birth, when abused by prodigality or degraded by vice.

NO MATES FOR THE VULTURE.

THERE sits a Vulture, gaunt and grim,
Double-headed, golden-crowned,
Foul of scent and lean of limb,
Keen for carrion, peering round
With eyes, albeit seeming dim,
That sweep a vast horizon's bound.

When a sickening nation reels
To the death, this vulture's there,
Ever narrowing, as he wheels
His circuit, in the tainted air,
Till an instinct sure reveals
Safest time the prey to tear.

So round Brescia's shattered wall,
Sullen swept this bird obscene,
Sniffing through the sulphurous pall,
Reek of blood, with relish keen;
Waiting on the prey to fall,
When beforehand death had been.

So beside the lone lagune,
Where beleagured Venice stood,
Through the long siege, late and soon,
Hovered still this bird of blood,
Till to death, in mortal swoon,
Sunk the Lady of the Flood.

When 'neath ARAD's gallows-tree,
Proud the martyr's death to die,
Stood the Magyar chivalry —
The hideous bird was waiting nigh,
Until Death should leave him free
To rend the flesh and scoop the eye.

And shall England's Lion bold,
And shall France's Eagle true,
With this bird alliance hold
In the work they have to do,
Though each head be crowned with gold,
And each claw be sceptred too?

Never — for the Lion's pride
And the Eagle's is the same;
Carriion neither will abide,
Stooping but to living game —
Victor's they would be defied,
Or the victory brings not fame.

Hence, then, craven carriion-bird —
To the gibbets and the graves!
With thy kindred vultures herd —
Russ and Prussian — fools and knaves:
Be one freeman's strength preferred,
To the strength of million slaves!

Punch.

SHINING STARS.

SHINE, ye stars of heaven,
On a world of pain!
See old Time destroying
All our hoarded gain;
All our sweetest flowers,
Every stately shrine,
All our hard-earned glory,
Every dream divine!

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On the rolling years!
See how Time consoling
Dries the saddest tears,
Bids the darkest storm-clouds
Pass in gentle rain;
While upspring in glory,
Flowers and dreams again!

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On a world of fear!
See how Time, avenging,
Bringeth judgment here;
Weaving ill-worn honors
To a fiery crown;
Bidding hard hearts perish;
Casting proud hearts down.

Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On the hours' slow flight!
See how Time rewarding
Gilds good deeds with light!
Pays with kingly measure;
Brings earth's dearest prize,
Or crowned with rays diviner,
Bids the end arise!

Household Words.

RECOLLECTIONS.

As strangers, you and I are here;
We both as aliens stand,
Where once, in years gone by, I dwelt
No stranger in the land.
Then while you gaze on park and stream,
Let me remain apart,
And listen to the awakened sound
Of voices in my heart!

Here, where upon the velvet lawn
The cedar spreads its shade,
And by the flower-beds all around,
Bright roses bloom and fade;
Shrill merry childish laughter rings,
And baby voices sweet,
And by me, on the path, I hear
The tread of little feet.

Down the dark avenue of lines,
Whose perfume loads the air,
Whose boughs are rustling overhead,
(For the west wind is there),
I hear the sound of earnest talk,
Warnings and counsels wise,
And the quick questioning that brought
The gentle calm replies.

I hear, within the shady porch
Once more, the measured sound
Of the old ballads that were read,
While we sat listening round;
The starry passion-flower still
Up the green trellis climbs;
The tendrils waving seem to keep
The cadence of the rhymes.

I might have striven, and striven in vain,
Such visions to recall,
Well known and yet forgotten; now
I see, I hear, them all!
The present pales before the past,
Who comes with angel wings;
As in a dream I stand, amidst
Strange, yet familiar things!

And the light bridge hangs o'er the lake,
Where broad-leaved lilies lie,
And the cool water shows again
The cloud that moves on high; —
And One voice speaks, in tones I thought
The past for ever kept;
But now I know, deep in my heart
Its echoes only slept!

Household Words.

RATIONAL REMONSTRANCE.

LET peaceful BRIGHT in speech delight
That charms the Cotton crew:
Let CORDEN rather trade than fight,
For 'tis his business to:

But when our Premier, duped before,
Still trusts to Russian lies,
Such weakness but disgusts JOHN BULL,
And makes his monkey rise.

Punch.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Life in Fejee, or Five Years among the Cannibals.* By a Lady. 1851.
2. *Journals of the Bishop of New Zealand's Visitation Tours.* Printed for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.
3. *A Letter to His Grace the Duke of Newcastle on behalf of the Melanesian Mission of the Bishop of New Zealand.* By Lewis M. Hogg, Rector of Cranford, Northamptonshire. London. 1853.
4. *Remarkable Incidents in the Life of the Rev. Samuel Leigh, Missionary to the Settlers and Savages of Australia and New Zealand.* By the Rev. Alexander Strachan. London. 1853.
5. *Our Antipodes: or, Residence and Rambles in the Australasian Colonies.* By Lieut. Col. Godfrey Charles Mundy. 3 vols. London. 1852.
6. *Auckland, the Capital of New Zealand, and the Country adjacent; including some account of the Gold Discovery in New Zealand.* London. 1853.

We endeavored in a late number to trace the recent history of the spread of Christianity in the multitudinous islands of the Eastern Pacific, inhabited by the Polynesian race. We observed on that occasion on the remarkable similarity of the type of features, stature, and language among tribes so widely dispersed over the surface of that great ocean, belonging to this common stock. It is necessary that we should recur for a moment to the subject, in order to render more intelligible the distinction taken by modern geographers between Polynesia and Melanesia.*

It was long ago suggested that the root of the common Polynesian speech is to be found in the 'Kawi,' a branch of the Malay language; the researches of William Humboldt are said to have established the fact; and learned men have already affixed to those who speak it the name of 'Malayo-Polynesians.' We are in no degree qualified to dispute these conclusions. But the fact of these islands having been actually colonized from the regions now inhabited by the Malay family, or,

* The three volumes of the French popular publication "L'Univers Pittoresque," devoted to "Oceanie," are compiled by M. Dornay de Rienzi, himself a voyager in the South Seas and the East. They contain a great deal of information, and, although published in 1836, remain the best "Handbook" with which we are acquainted for vast tracts of the populous Pacific. This writer divides that ocean into four regions: Polynesia, comprising the groups we have already described, and also the extensive archipelagos of the Caroline and Pelew Islands, north of the equator and west of 180 deg.; Melanesia, including (besides the groups we have placed in it) Australia and New Guinea; Malaisia, or the Malay archipelago; and Micronesia, containing the many clusters of small islands in the Northern temperate Pacific.

as some have supposed, by the Dyaks of Borneo, has always seemed to us of the most problematical character. Those who maintain it, including, we are bound to admit, not only theoretical geographers, but very close observers, such as John Williams, have to get over the difficulty of a series of migrations from West to East, that is, against the steady breeze of the unvarying Trades, and by the aid of those irregular westerly gales, the 'mad winds,' as some of the islanders call them, from their caprice and uncertainty, which prevail at most for only two months of the year. They have to controvert the equally unvarying current of Polynesian tradition, which (as Mr. Ellis points out) speaks of colonization as uniformly proceeding from the East; corroborated by the insulated cases of migration which have taken place since the Pacific was known to Europeans—all, we believe, in the same direction, when accomplished in native vessels. They have to answer the puzzling question, How is it, if the Eastern Polynesians came from Asia, that they inhabit the part of the ocean farthest from Asia—that a vast portion of the insular region, lying directly between the presumed colony and the presumed mother country, is occupied by a totally different race, the Melanesians, or Oceanian Negroes, whom no one, so far as we know, has connected with any Asiatic origin? Again, we know of no similarity, except that of language, which has been established between the Malays and Polynesians. The slender Malay resembles neither in hue, nor face, nor figure, the tall and big-boned islander; nor has any really significant analogy of habits or religion been pointed out. And to what does a mere radical identity of language amount, as a proof of identity of race? Does any one doubt, for instance, that the mass of the French people are of Celtic, not of Roman, descent?—and yet has not the antiquary the greatest difficulty in detecting a single Celtic root in the common language of the country, which (with the exception of more recently-imported words) is wholly and exclusively Roman? The fact is, that some families of mankind have always shown a readiness to abandon their pristine tongue on occasions of conquest or migration, and acquire a new one, as remarkable as the obstinacy with which others adhere to it.

Supposing the colonization of the Eastern Pacific to have proceeded from its American shore—supposing it effected by one wave of that vast migration, of which another wave carried the Aztecs to the tropical plateau of Mexico—it will be not an unreasonable hypothesis, also, that the singular family of mankind to which recent geographers give the name of Melanesians, comprises the remnant of the original native races whom that coloni-

zation disturbed. The confused and fragmentary dispersion of these tribes, so far as we are acquainted with them, as well as their general inferiority, seems to countenance such an hypothesis. Even circumscribed within its narrowest limits—lying north of the parallel of New Zealand, west of the 180th meridian, east of Australia, and south of the equator—Melanesia seems to include rather a multitude of distinct nations than a single people. The inhabitants of these islands differ from the Polynesians proper in being much darker of color—approaching to the real Asiatic negro of New Guinea, or ‘Negrito’ of the Papuan race, with whom they have been sometimes allied by ethnographers. But, with this exception, they seem to possess no common and distinctive feature. They present, therefore, a remarkable contrast, and very unfavorable one for missionary purposes, to the singularly homogeneous character which, as we have seen, characterises the Eastern Polynesians. Some tribes, as those of Fiji, are remarkable for gigantic stature: others, the reverse. The language of some seems a Polynesian dialect; other groups have many languages of their own, said to be totally distinct both from the Polynesian and from each other. Some have estimated that in the New Hebrides there is on the average a different language, or dialect, for every 5000 souls. The whole archipelago presents, in short, to the ethnographer a kind of labyrinthine confusion, out of which the patient labors of the missionary and the philologist will no doubt ultimately educe some systematic arrangement.

Within two days’ westerly sail of the Society Islands lies the first Melanesian groupe, that of the *Fiji* or *Feejee* Islands (we adopt the continental orthography, to which English writers, not without a struggle, seem at last to have generally resigned themselves in foreign nomenclature), which, like the former, is a province of the Wesleyan missionaries. Of all the races of the Pacific hitherto known to Europeans the men of Fiji are the most sanguinary and ferocious in their practices; and at the same time nearly the highest in point of natural endowments. And, consequently, the beginning contest between light and darkness here assumes an intensity which marks it in no other quarter. It seems as if the very approach of dawn had added new horrors to the night: never were war and massacre, with their attendant atrocities, so rife among these savages as now. ‘The progress of the battle’ (says Mr. Lawry in one of the works cited in our former article) ‘now going on in Feejee between the old murderer and his conqueror and lord is waxing hot, and hastening to its close.’ The strangest features of the collision between civilized and savage life seems here brought prominently forward:

in one little ‘lotu’ or ‘converted’ island, the missionary with his gentle and submissive flock: on another, within sight, the smoke rising from the burning village, and the cannibal revelry of its conquerors: on a third, eager traffic driving between a chief and his people and an European or American cruiser. The missionaries here are in their true element.

They preach the Gospel to all who will hear it, morning, noon, and night. They administer medicine to the sick, and settle disputes for all parties. They are consulted about every important enterprise, and have their hand in everything that is going on. They are lawyers, physicians, privy councillors, builders, agriculturists.

They are exposed, without arms and without protectors, to the evil passions of the most bloodthirsty of all known races of mankind. And great is their reward—the progress of their mission is eminently encouraging, not only as regards the extent, but the character of their conquests.

This great Archipelago, as yet very imperfectly known, contains, it is thought, not less than 300,000 inhabitants. The two principal islands (of which Viti Levu is the largest) are represented as equal in size to ordinary English counties. They are intersected by lofty ridges of volcanic mountains. There are dwellers in the interior of Viti Levu who have never seen the sea—not, however, so much by reason of actual distance, as from the certainty to which the adventurous tourist would be exposed of being literally, not figuratively, eaten up before he could reach his object. The valleys are singularly fertile and well watered, and abound in the vegetable riches of the Eastern and Western Pacific, which seem to meet at this central point. Mr. Lawry says he has seen and handled ‘the tea plant of China, carraway-seed, nutmeg, arrow-root, capsicum, and sarsaparilla.’ The ethnography of this noble group is puzzling; and has much exercised the ingenuity of scholars in that science. The color of the people is many shades darker than that of the more easterly islanders, and, together with other peculiarities, seems to betray a Melanesian origin: but many of their customs, as well as their stalwart proportions and lofty stature (‘far above the height of any other nation which I have seen,’ says Sir E. Belcher) resemble those of the Polynesians proper; while their language is said to be a polyglot, compounded of many elements. Their industry, energy, and personal activity contrast strongly with the indolent habits of most of their neighbors. Mr. Lawry expatiates on their very superior character as servants, to the Tongans, ‘who, though they are more comely in our eyes, are not so sharp, nor so well-disciplined, as the Feejeeans:’ an advantage, however,

more than compensated by the imbred ferocity of the latter: witness the horrid story which he elsewhere tells of a young girl 'daughter of the king of Opo,' who was taken as nursemaid into a missionary family, and set forthwith about murdering the infant. 'Her plan was to avail herself of those times when the child was cross, to hug it in her arms so strongly as to crush its frame together!' It died soon after the device was detected from the internal injuries inflicted through these vindictive embraces. 'In Tonga,' says the same writer, 'the children at school sit with all the gravity of judges on the bench: whereas the raw and lively children of Feejee, just wild from the sea-shore and the bush, are like so many merry-andrews.' Their taste for commerce and barter is well known to navigators in those seas. Captain Erskine notes that the position of their women is rather elevated, and

the intercourse between the sexes, without pretending to any exalted feelings of modesty or principle, is conducted with great delicacy, excepting in cases where the bad example of dissolute white men has spread its contamination.

And — to complete the catalogue of their better qualities — they seem to have a due appreciation of literary merit. A Feejeean poet, says Mr. Hale, will often get twenty tambuas (whale's teeth) for a song or dance — a rate of payment, proportionally speaking, which an European *maestro* might find it difficult to attain.

This fine people are bowed down by the most crushing and hideous superstitions known to exist in the world. In Captain Wilkes's volumes will be found long dissertations on their voluminous theology. They seem to have more definite notions of a First Cause than are common among the South Sea islanders; and a strong belief in the immortality of the souls of all animated things. Next to the maker of all — who is acknowledged under various names — they worship the God Ndengei, said to be enshrined, in the form of a serpent, in the district of Nakauvandeia in Viti Leuvu.* This deity 'slews or turnshin-

self over every sleep he takes, which is from three to seven years long,' and thus produces earthquakes. Ravuyalo, 'the destroyer of souls,' endeavors to intercept and annihilate the spirit of the dead on its escape from the body. He is believed to reside at a place called 'Nambang Gatai,' on the road to 'Bulu,' the 'separate state,' or land of souls.

The town is inhabited by people of this world; and the town occupied by Ravuyalo and his sons, though in this vicinity, is nevertheless out of sight. The people of the natural town are, nevertheless, well acquainted with what is going on in the spiritual town, by means of a parouet, which gives notice whenever spirits are passing to another world. If only one is coming, he calls once; if two, twice; and so on according to number.

Such is the romantic myth told by Mr. Lawry; it should, however, be added, for the caution of grave inquirers who seek to enrich their collections with legendary stores, that the people of Fiji are (according to John Jackson the sailor, whose strange narrative of his two years residence among them forms an appendix to Captain Erskine's 'Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific') 'the greatest adepts at fabricating a lie, or exaggerating, that ever I heard of.'

issuing, full clawed and tailed, from the flank of Mount Pilatus, in the work of the learned naturalist Scheuchzer. We know the obstinacy with which British tars and Norway fishermen cling to their sea-serpents; and the Indians of the Mississippi swamps, not content with the real terrors of their alligators and gar-fish, people the marshes with the legendary "cawani." The reader may consult Sir George Grey's little narrative of one of his journeys in New Zealand (printed in Maori and English) for the legend of the three "Tani-whas," evidently draconic monsters, and the feats of the Maori chivalry in subduing them. But a living reptile, equally horrible, was actually seen by Jackson the sailor in the interior of a Fiji island, if we can believe him. "One day, when I was at a place called Vusaratu, the natives gave me some eels to eat, and asked me if we had any in 'papalangi' (white man's country.) When I said we had, they asked me if there were any king eels among them? I answered, No; when they straightway conducted me to a fresh-water hole, with a temple erected at one end. In this hole there was an immense sized eel; his body at the thickest part was as big round as a stout man's thigh, and his head was enormously large and frightful; but his whole length I could not tell. They said he was two fathoms long. I inquired the meaning of the temple. They said it was his, and that he was a "kalou" or spirit. I thought I would prove the veneration they held him in, so I pointed my musket at him, and cocked it. They seemed to be extremely agitated, and begged me to desist, and then ran off and fetched some cooked bread-fruit to propitiate him for the insult offered, which he took from their hands. They told me he was of a great age, and that he had eaten several infants, which they had given him at different times; children of prisoners taken in war."

* Whence arises the extraordinary universality of the popular belief in the existence of monsters of the serpent class? We have seen it attributed to a dim recollection of the great Saurian reptiles which once inhabited the earth; but the period of these creatures was a comparatively early geological age; and the huge extinct quadrupeds of much later times have left no such general tradition behind them. The symbolical Dragon of China seems to be the very same fabulous animal whose conquest has immortalized St. George and More of More Hall; the same whose "ancient brood" is still believed by the matter-of-fact Swiss peasant to lurk in the caverns of the High Alps; whose portraiture is preserved, as seen by a burgomaster,

Fiji is under the double yoke of a chief hood and priesthood, whose relations to each other we cannot distinctly trace in any of the volumes before us, but whose combined power has reduced the mass of the people to a state of abject submission, in which the most unheard-of cruelties are both witnessed and suffered with apathy, as part of the common lot of man. Buried alive in the holes dug for the posts of the chief's home — strangled in masses at his funeral — their living and writhing bodies used as 'rollers,' over which the monstrous war-canoes are dragged up the beach (a barbarity which struck Mr. Ellis with horror in Otaheite, where it was only practised on corpses) — the Fijians take it all as part of the inevitable burden laid on them, '*gravi sub religione*.' A district called Dreketi, according to Jackson,

is considered the lowest of all, and is actually kept for human sacrifices and for food upon any public occasion. They are not allowed to lift arms in their defence, but are supposed to be not only neutral, but passive and resigned to their fate, from whatever hand it may come. Although there are many canoes on each side their river, they never get ferried over, but always swim; and in fact they never expect it. So habitual is their hard fate, that they look upon it as a matter of course, and not only resigned are they, but even pleasant!

We will select a less revolting instance of aristocratic outrage from Jackson's narrative. Revelita, a great chief, had paid a visit to a village of serfs with his suite, and called for his dinner.

The poor inhabitants, having been paid such visits before, knew what sort of guests they had to entertain, and hurried accordingly. They, in their haste and desire to please, took the victuals up before they were properly cooked, and brought them in the most humble way. The lazy courtiers and tasters informed Revelita that the victuals were quite raw, and observed at the same time, that it was an old offence of that place in particular. The chief flew into a passion, thinking that his dignity was slighted, and ordered the inhabitants to assemble before him. They did so, and it happened to be on a beach that was completely covered with pumice-stone. They crawled on their hands and knees, waiting with resignation the result of the anger of the chief. At last he looked out of the door, and began to abuse them at a tremendous rate, and said he did not know how to punish them, as it was of no use killing them, because they would be glad to get off so easy. One of the courtiers observed, that it would be easier for them (the inhabitants), hardened slaves as they were, to make a hearty meal from the pumice-stones, than for such a chief as Revelita to eat the pork, undone. Revelita said, "Well thought of," and commanded the poor Batiki fellows to begin at once, which they immediately obeyed, and des-

patched such quantities of pumice-stone, that you could in a little while observe the stones diminishing, although the beach was thirty or forty yards long. — *Erskine*, p. 456.

The practice, common to many other savage nations, of burying living persons when they become a burden to others, is so ordinary, that (according to Captain Erskine) an aged or decrepit person is rarely seen among them. But it is attended with horrors peculiarly their own. Mr. Williams (a missionary who has lived four years in these islands) gave Captain Erskine an account of an attempt which he had ineffectually made to induce Tui Thakau, an elderly chief, to embrace Christianity during an illness: —

On the following morning Mr. Williams, whilst standing at the door of his house, was a good deal surprised, having left the chief in such high spirits so short a time before, by being informed by a Feejean, evidently proceeding on some important business, in a low tone of voice, as if not desirous of being overheard, that Tui Thakau was dead, and that preparations were going on for his burial. Not doubting the truth of the information, but knowing that the preparations partly consisted in strangling the wives of the deceased, Mr. Williams, hurriedly apprising his colleague, Mr. Hazlewood, of the circumstance, hastened with him to the chief's residence, with the humane intention of endeavoring to save the lives of some at least of the destined victims.

As they crossed the threshold they stepped over the body, yet warm, of the first strangled wife, whilst two men, each holding the end of the fatal cord, were performing the office of the executioner on the second, then in the agonies of death. Tui Kila-Kila, the heir to the chieftainship, sat at a short distance, with a scowl of fierce determination on his countenance, whilst in a more remote corner, to the astonishment of the missionaries, reclined old Tui Thakau himself, apparently in no more infirm condition than on the previous day. A remonstrance on the atrocity of such proceedings during the life-time of the chief was met by a stern announcement from Tui Kila-Kila that "his father was dead; the spirit had quitted him yesterday: he before them was no living man, but a corpse whom they were about to carry to the tomb." Seeing that no expostulations were likely to be of any avail in favor of the old man, whose mind, from his composed silence, was evidently made up to his fate, the missionaries turned their attention to the surviving wives, whose lives they were successful in saving, the two already sacrificed being considered as sufficient for the occasion.

The principal wife, a woman of higher rank than any person present, had escaped the usual fate, Feejean custom requiring that the ceremony of strangulation shall be performed by one of an equal grade. The bodies having been placed in a litter, and the old chief in another, the funeral procession began, the principal wife

and son fanning his face as they conducted him to his living grave.—*Ib.*, p. 231.

The particulars of a still more repulsive case will be found, by those who are studious of such horrors, in the last page of Jackson the sailor's extraordinary narrative. The women, however, are usually willing and often eager to meet the fate which awaits them when a husband dies. In an instance which came under the cognizance of Mrs. Wallis (the wife of an American who traded to these islands, and the accuracy of whose little work—"Life in Feejee"—is attested by the missionaries), the chiefs of Bau would not consent to strangle any of the women of a deadly enemy whom they had succeeded in clubbing. They wished him to feel the effects of their hatred in the next world by not allowing him to have a wife to cook for him—a thing indispensable according to the Fiji creed. 'Come, strangle me quick,' said his faithful partner, 'that my spirit may go with the spirit of Nalela, and comfort him; he is even now faint for food.' When she found that no one would do her the friendly office, she resolved to starve herself, and tasted nothing from the 21st to the 30th of the month. It was with the greatest difficulty that Mrs. Wallis then persuaded, or rather combelled her to eat.

In the practice of cannibalism the people of Fiji "equal, if they do not exceed, all known races." It is impossible to give, except by reference to the ample details of the volumes before us, any idea of the excesses to which it is carried. This custom, the existence of which at all it was at one time the fashion to disbelieve, has been traced, in some regions, to motives of ferocious revenge; in others, to superstitious fancies—to an unnatural appetite—to actual deficiency of other nourishment: but in Fiji all these causes seem to co-operate. Whether by way of rendering the last honors to a deceased enemy, or treating his remains with the extreme of contumely, the Fijian warrior equally devours him—only with some difference of language and ceremony. It is related by one of the missionaries that the king of Bau, when a rebel chief was killed, commanded his tongue to be cut out. Holding it in his hand, he joked over it, and apostrophized it as the instrument of evil, as a preliminary to eating it. The heart, liver, and tongue, are favorite morsels. Tuhihihihi, king of Somoromo, thus addressed the baked body of a once intimate friend, whom he had captured and slaughtered—"Thou hast been my brother; had I fallen into thine hand, should I not have been eaten forthwith? And dost thou think of an escape?—No, verily!" But Thakombau, another eminent warrior, when lectured by Captain Erskine on the subject, defended the

usage on strictly economical grounds. "It was all very well for us, who had plenty of beef, to remonstrate—but they had no beef but men!" The missionaries even assert that the language "contains no word for a simple corpse; but the word used, *"bakola,"* conveys the idea of eating the body." It is common to call a human being, when considered as an article of diet, *"a long pig."* All enemies killed in battle are, "as a matter of course," eaten by the victors. A body, properly roasted and prepared, is sent as a present of great value to friends:—

"the limbs are tied, say in a sitting form, and there they remain; when dressed, they take the body up, paint the face red, put a wig upon the head, put a club or fan in the hands, as they may happen to fancy, and then carry the whole as a present to be eaten by their friends. They sometimes travel far with this spectacle, which, when met in the path, may easily be mistaken for a living man in full dress."

The hideous banquet excites a kind of frenzy resembling intoxication. Even whites have sometimes yielded to the maniacal propensity. M. Gervais, one of Dumont Duville's officers, found that the crew of a whaler who accompanied him on a visit to a Fiji chief had great difficulty in resisting his invitation to join the feast; and Forster observed a similar longing in some of Cook's crew of the Resolution, while others "suffered the same effects as from a dose of *ipeacacuanha*" from the mere proposal.

When war will not afford the requisite victims, a Fiji party will often surprise persons by stratagem, solely for the purpose of devouring them—a whole village will lie in wait for a man and his wife, returning from their plantation. Women are preferred, when choice is free. If a chief has been well feasted by a friend, it becomes a point of honor with him to return the compliment with equal munificence, however scarce the requisite game may be. An instance of this kind gave occasion for that exploit of heroic humanity on the part of the two missionaries' wives, Mrs. Lyth and Mrs. Calvert, who interrupted the work of massacre by their presence, to which we called attention in our former article. It is no detraction from the merit of these brave women to notice, that the success which crowned their interference was possibly owing, in part, to the superstitious feeling prevalent among the natives that it is unlucky to persist in an undertaking which has been once interrupted—a feeling powerful enough to unnerve the fiercest warrior, in the full excitement of the orgie or the fight. Thus, in one of the Tahitian attacks on the French, a poor missionary stepped forward to implore the natives to desist, and fell by a chance

shot—"This is no good fight," the chiefs exclaimed, and drew off their men immediately. Jackson has a remarkable story of the same kind. A certain queen, smitten with a partiality for an American negro, ordered a slave woman, "extremely good looking and intelligent," to marry him. She declined, and, in spite of all threatening, refused to have anything to do with the "kuke" (all blacks are called cooks in Fiji, from the ordinary profession which they follow on board ship). Her mistress, in a rage, ordered two subordinate chiefs "to lay hold of her knees and break her thigh." Jackson, according to his own account, rushed in, "knocked down one of the chiefs like a bullock," and rescued the poor wretch. He was instantly seized and pinioned, and told that "as I had saved the woman's life (which I discovered I had effectually done by the queen's observations, it being considered dangerous to undertake a second time anything which has been once prevented), I must lose my own instead"—a fate from which he escaped with difficulty.

The fact is, that cruelty, as well as courage, among the South Sea Islanders seems to be of a very impulsive character. Generally speaking, they cannot comprehend the "patient search and vigil long" of the Red Indian's hatred; nor the deliberateness of European criminal justice; which seems to them much the same thing.

"You speak of cruelty," said a Maori chief to Samuel Leigh: "I saw them hang a white man at Sydney; and never did I witness so horrible a spectacle. They kept him in prison several days after they told him he must die: was there no cruelty in that? We have no such custom in our country. When we intend to kill, we watch for a convenient opportunity, and when the person least expects it, with one blow of the *marée* we bring him to the ground in a moment."

The work of change in these islands will probably advance much more rapidly than present appearances would indicate. As Captain Erskine truly observes:—

The certainty that a line of communication will soon be opened between the whole of the western coasts of America and our gold producing colonies in Australia, to the success of which a series of intermediate points is necessary, of which the Feejee Islands will probably be one of the most important, renders this prospect no longer one of distant speculation; nor the conversion of a people, to whom we must be indebted for many useful supplies, from a fierce barbarism to a rational civilization, a question of mere sentimental fancy.—p. 279.

Two days' westerly sail before the steady trade wind brought Captain Erskine, in the

"Havana," from Fiji to Aneiteum, the most easterly land of the interesting group of the NEW HEBRIDES, "a long chain of volcanic islands, extending 400 miles from north to south," inhabited by many tribes of the Melanesian family; some, says Captain Erskine, nearly allied to those of Fiji; others of smaller stature, and seeming to belong "to a less robust and less advanced people." The use of the betel-nut and chunam among some of these islanders already announces to the voyager from the East the influence of Asia. To this groupe (and the neighboring sub-groupe of the low coral formation, called the Loyalty Islands) belong Erromango, Vate, Tana, Vanikoro, the scene of La Pérouse's shipwreck, and other spots more or less famous in the annals of maritime and missionary adventure. Tana is known by its great volcano, which recent voyagers have noticed in constant activity—the Stromboli or natural lighthouse of these seas, well known as a beacon by the crew of the Bishop of New Zealand's little missionary vessel.

The New Hebrides were discovered by the Spaniard Quiros in 1606, who considered them part of the great Terra Australis, and cherished gigantic schemes for their colonization. They were visited afterwards by Bougainville and Cook, but few additions have been made to our knowledge of them since the time of those great navigators. The sandal wood traffic has been carried on thither with more or less activity since 1828, chiefly from Sydney, and somewhat in the Dutch spirit of monopoly:—

"The apprehension of the trade being thrown open to competition," says Captain Erskine, "has induced a habit of secrecy with respect to all their transactions on the part of the traders; and the commerce itself has, with a few exceptions, been conducted in a manner very discreditable to the white men employed in it, who have often shown themselves in no way behind the natives in cruelty and treachery, and indeed, with the sole exception of cannibalism, in the practice of all the vices we generally ascribe to savages."

Many of these islands, says another authority,

"are infested by Europeans, who are either runaway convicts, expirées, or deserters from the whalers. . . . They live in a manner easily to be imagined from men of this class, without either law, religion, or education to control them—with an unlimited quantity of ardent spirits, which they obtain from distilling the toddy that exudes from the cocoanut tree. This spirit is not very palatable, but it serves, to use their own expression, "to tickle the brain."

The seamen who frequent this dangerous

region recount with horror the deeds of "the monster Jones," one of these miscreants, who in 1841 destroyed eleven Europeans, deserters from the "Woodlark," Sydney whaler:—

He invited them all to visit him to partake of a feast, and, when he had got his victims intoxicated with this island spirit, he gave them food in which he had previously mixed poison. This proved fatal to seven, and the remaining four having refused to eat, he watched his opportunity, and shot them.

The cause of the crime, reported by Captain Simpson, of the barque "Giraffe," in the Nautical Magazine of 1844, was jealousy of the influence of these new-comers over the natives. Had the victims only belonged to the latter class, the matter would have excited but little attention. These myriads of islets and reefs abound but too plenteously in memorials of dark and undetected crime, like those of the Gulf of Mexico in the old buccaneering days:—

Some desert isle or key,
Where Spaniards wrought their cruelty;
Or where the savage Indian's mood
Repaid it back in deeds of blood.

Many have been the massacres committed on these shores on tribes of unoffending natives; and many a barque, long since catalogued in Lloyd's list of "vessels lost at sea and never heard of," has paid with the lives of all her crew the penalty for some such guilty act. The murder of John Williams by the natives of Erromango, reputed the most savage of the New Hebrideans, in 1839, is supposed to have been committed in retribution for outrages perpetrated by nameless European visitors. And the work of mutual wrong still continues. Captain Richards, master of a vessel trading to these islands, told Captain Erskine that the mate of a Sydney canal wood trader had boasted to him but a few weeks previously, of having shot six men, as she sailed along the coast, with the charitable purpose of spoiling the market of those who might follow; and the same or another miscreant was reported to have shot a friendly chief in sport, when, having concluded his traffic, he was swimming on shore from the vessel.

The volumes before us abound with most painful instances, both of the frequency and savage nature of these outrages on the native population, and of the lamentable inadequacy of English law rather than of English executive authority to repress them. The commander of a Queen's ship, however anxious to put down such enormities, finds his movements impeded by the thousand snares which our jurisprudence, in its abundant caution,

has contrived, as if on purpose to embarrass the march of justice. The "case of Mr. Lewis," contained at length in the appendix to Captain Erskine's work, affords an instructive commentary on the hopelessness of such endeavors. John Charles Lewis, late of Sydney, master mariner, had shot three natives of the isle of Maré. Strange to say, preliminary difficulties were so far got over, that Lewis was actually put on his trial, on the 15th November, 1849, at Sydney, for the wilful murder of "a certain male adult, whose name was to the Attorney General unknown." "His Honor suggested that the words male adult would not necessarily mean a human being." This objection, benevolently taken by the court, was, however, got rid of by an amendment, and the trial proceeded—to a triumphant acquittal, on the ground apparently that the naked male adult in question was shot "under circumstances which might reasonably create in the mind of Captain Lewis a belief that his life was in danger." Mark the result. "Within a month after the trial of Mr. Lewis, his employer, who had sent him back to his station, received information, which has since been confirmed, of the capture by the people of Maré of his cutter the "Lucy Anne," and the murder of the whole of her crew."

A still more serious instance of similar atrocity and revenge will be found in the Parliamentary New Zealand papers of August, 1848; the narrative of an outrage committed at Rotuma by the crew of a Sydney schooner and brig "engaged in obtaining men from islands hereabouts at 2*l.* by the head as wages, as they are designed to be shepherds and laborers in New South Wales." The vessels were entered in a shipping-list kept at Rotuma by a pilot established there as "trading for Cannibals!" The case seems to have been taken up by the Governor of New Zealand, but to have fallen through for want of available evidence. Similar ill success (according to Colonel Mundy) attended the prosecution of another Sydney master, who had obligingly lent his ship's coppers for the purpose of cooking New Zealanders' heads.

Another offender, on a smaller scale—one Stephens, who had led a native war-party—Captain Erskine took on himself to remove from the island of Tana by compulsion—much to the man's own surprise, that the captain should have thought such an affair worth noticing.

I was desirous of showing to the vagrant English, who, when amongst these islands, fancy themselves above all restraint, that offences wantonly committed here were punishable by our own laws; and although in this case it was not probable that any evidence could be procured which would weigh with a Sydney jury,

even in the doubtful case of their considering the murder of a savage a blamable action, yet the inconvenience the culprit would be put to by his removal might operate in some degree as a check upon others, if it were understood that our domiciliary visits were to be annually repeated.—*Erskine*, p. 308.

Again; we have before us a proclamation of Sir Charles Fitzroy, Governor of New South Wales, stating that certain British subjects, resident in the Fiji Islands, have been for some time past accustomed to make purchases of native women from their relatives, and keep them in a state of slavery; adding, truly enough, that such conduct on the part of British subjects is illegal under our slave-trade acts wherever perpetrated by Englishmen, and warning such offenders of the consequences. But in what practical way is this menace of the "utmost rigor of the law" to be enforced? and is the good done by such a demonstration equal to the mischief of holding out threats which are well known by all concerned to be futile?

This is a state of things which we have no hesitation in saying, deserves the serious attention of our statesmen and legislature. Difficulties there may be in the way of effective enactments, but they chiefly proceed from reluctance to encounter those phantoms raised by legal ingenuity, of which we are daily learning more and more to appreciate the unsubstantial nature. Our English criminal procedure, thanks to the obstructive wisdom of ages, is the most cumbrous of all instruments for punishing offences committed under any unusual and exceptional circumstances; wherever, for instance, there is necessity for the arrest of the culprit in one jurisdiction and trial in another, or wherever the case requires the transmission of culprit and evidence to a distance. We believe that we are borne out in the assertion, that criminal extradition treaties between ourselves and other countries have been hitherto almost a dead letter, as far as our side is concerned, on account of the difficulties which our rules of evidence interpose in the way of the reception of documents to authorize the arrest of the alleged offender. For somewhat similar reasons, to succeed in prosecuting to conviction, in any British court, an individual charged with outrages such as those which we have described, would be an achievement not only of the greatest industry but singular felicity. To justify this impotence of law and right, on the score of tenderness for the liberty of the subject, is really to adopt some of the merest cant of the legal profession. British justice shows no symptoms whatever of such sentimental softness where her prey consists only of "the small deer" of common gaol deliveries; witness the astounding summariness with

which the victims of the Central Criminal Court are usually cut short in their endeavors to baffle their pursuers. It is only to the perpetrator of offences of peculiar atrocity—especially if committed outside of her ordinary preserves, and under conditions not admitting the application of every-day precedents—that she offers the luxury of a long chase and plenty of "law." For our own parts, we believe that not only justice to our uncivilized fellow men, and the claims of our common Christianity, but the protection, of our own traders from the vindictive fury of the savage, require that the commanders of our cruisers should be invested with extensive police and even court-martial powers, in regard to offences of violence committed in savage countries by British subjects. Undoubtedly, in order to make such provisions thoroughly effectual, the co-operation of other states would be required; and we hope that the sense of universal justice, on which international law is founded, will ultimately prevail, through the extinction of some subsisting prejudices and mutual distrust, until such offenders, like pirates, are dealt with as enemies of the human race.

Even in this unpromising region of the Western Pacific, the work of conversion has been of late years sedulously plied. But it has hitherto been found impracticable to plant resident European missionaries in the New Hebrides. The labor has devolved on native teachers of the Eastern Polynesian race, chiefly from Samoa and Rarotonga, pupils reared in the institutions established by John Williams. Few incidents in the wide history of South Sea missions are more touching than the unpretending, unwearied zeal of these obscure assistants in the cause—themselves, or their parents, just rescued from the darkness of idolatry, and devoting their simple lives in order to communicate their own spiritual blessing to a people of alien manners and language. They have none of the *prestige* about them which attaches to Europeans. They inspire the savage with no fear or respect. They are the ready victims of his arbitrary violence or superstitious terrors. It is with them as with the early Christians, "*si cælum stetit, si terra movit, si fames, si lues*," they are the appropriate sacrifice. In 1843 the people of Rotuma murdered two Samoan teachers and their families "on account of the prevalence of dysentery." Instances are recorded by Capt. Erskine of their slaughter or narrow escape, in endeavoring to rescue European crews from massacre. The Bishop of New Zealand (according to Mr. Hogg) "knows of forty (including wives and children,) within the last eight years, who have either been murdered or fallen victims to the fever of these islands; every set of fresh boys that

comes here (to New Zealand) has a story to tell of murdered Samoans, who came to preach to them of Jesus up above, and Satan down below." Such is the self-devotion, however, of these Polynesian neophytes, that no difficulty is found by the London Society in supplying their places from the institution in Upolu; and advantage has been constantly taken of any favorable symptoms to place teachers among the different populations; "they being, with their wives and families, and generally a Samoan canoe, conveyed to their destinations, by the missionary barque the John Williams, which is despatched on a periodical voyage for this purpose, as well as to furnish supplies to these men, who are often dependant on head quarters for the common necessities of life."

The Rev. William Nihill, one of the bishop's companions, observes, in a journal before us, that:—

These people (the Samoan teachers and their converts) spend more time in worship and religious exercises than any I have ever known * * Every Sunday these people devote seven and a half or eight hours to public worship, during the whole of which time, broken up into five parts, they are hearing either prayer, or reading, or a sermon, or being catechized, or singing. Everything is conducted with the greatest solemnity and decorum; and I am quite anxious and perplexed because I fear that this cannot last; and that, without God gives these simple converts a greater share of grace to keep them steadfast than is usually vouchsafed to men, there must be a falling away. Religion has become the business of their lives; and without their mode of life is changed, and something given them to do, they cannot, I fear, withstand the temptations which their easy mode of life must continually expose them to when the novelty has worn off."—*Colonial Church Chronicle*, vol. vi. p. 425.

As yet, however, the labors of these primitive teachers have been but scantily rewarded; and it was on fully considering the imperfection of the means hitherto made available that the Bishop of New Zealand framed, and has carried out with assiduous patience, his scheme of "Melanesian missions," described in several recent publications, and particularly in the pamphlet of Mr. Hogg. This scheme, originally framed by himself, and since concurred in by the other Australian bishops of the Church of England, was to consist of regular visits to the New Hebrides and other Melanesian isles, for the purpose of periodically renewing relations with the several chiefs and tribes; advising where advice was sought, arbitrating in disputes, and suggesting improvements: and, above all, inducing promising youths from the island population—in numbers limited hitherto only by the capacity of the bishop's little vessel to receive them—to accompany him back to the English

settlements for the purpose of receiving a Christian education. The bishop's own foundation of St. John's College, at Auckland, was at first destined to admit these along with English and Maori scholars; the ultimate purpose of their instruction being to train future teachers and evangelizers for the region of their nativity. But as the winter climate, even of the most northerly part of New Zealand, was found too trying for the constitutions of many of these children of the tropics, the bishop has hitherto so contrived it as to take back several of them annually to pass that season in their own country. It may easily be imagined that this plan involved no small difficulties of arrangement and execution, considering the great extent of ocean to be regularly traversed; but, from 1849 to 1852, it was most happily accomplished in the bishop's own small vessels, the "Undine" (of 23 tons and four men) and the "Border Maid" which has succeeded the former classical vessel. The bishop has already answered by anticipation those—if there be any such—who might be disposed to regard with disfavor this dedication of so large a portion of his time and labor to objects apart from his immediate duties:—

"The venerable primate," he says, "at whose hand I received my consecration, charged me, in the name of the archbishops and bishops of the Mother Church, not to confine my efforts to New Zealand, but to watch over the progress of the Gospel, throughout the coasts and islands of the Pacific."

On his last return, with the particulars of which we are acquainted, in October, 1852, the bishop was accompanied by 25 youths of various ages, and two little Melanesian Topisies; and we do not know whether we are derogating from the dignity of history in recounting that these black damsels (whose archness and adroitness, when compared with the ways of their heavier contemporaries of Maori blood, greatly amused the ladies of Auckland) were decently clad in robes made out of the bishop's counterpane, stitched and "sloped," on the voyage, by his own episcopal hands.

One of little "Negrillo" maidens was to be educated as the affianced bride of a young countryman—one of the bishop's first and most promising Melanesian pupils—Siapo, or "George," a lad from Maré, who first joined the mission in 1849.

"His handsome, thoughtful face," says Mr. Nihill, "was a true index to his mind. The bishop made his acquaintance when he went down to the bottom of one of the coral-pits in his own island to draw water for the strange white man. The bishop, who is an accomplished physiognomist, was struck with his expression as he looked up at him from the bottom of the pit, and re-

solved, if possible, to induce him to come to New Zealand. He came with two companions, and from that time to his death continued to be a steady friend and helper in the cause of Christianity, using his influence (which was considerable from his being a near relation and the intimate friend of the young chief) always in the best way, both among his schoolfellows in New Zealand and his friends the young men at home. At Mallicolo he risked his life on shore in the watering party, when the bishop and his companions were in danger. Before returning to the college for his last visit, he said to one of the chiefs who had adopted him when a boy, "I am afraid I shall die some day in New Zealand." And his friend replied, "Even if you do, it is better that you should go." So he came, bowing meekly to the decision of the chief of his tribe, and of the bishop, his English father."

The poor fellow's presentiment did not deceive him. His delicate tropical constitution did not long withstand change of climate and habits; he died at Auckland, of consumption, in January 1853. He was of a very reserved character, we are told; and it was not until the very last that "the fire kindled, and at last he spake with his tongue."

In an hour or two before he breathed his last he was constantly giving kind messages by the boys to his friends at home, on Mr. Nihill's behalf. "Wadokala, take care of Mr. Nihill when I am gone. Poor Mr. Nihill, you and I have gone together, and now I die, and you go alone!"

The achievements of the fifth voyage of the mission (1852) are thus summed up in the "Colonial Church Chronicle":—

Fifty-three islands (named) were visited or sighted by the Border Maid: in twenty-six of these we were able to hold some intercourse, more or less, with the people; from eleven we have received scholars; in seven, mission stations have been established by the London Society, three of which are proposed to be given up to the Church Mission. The aggregate of population cannot be less, at the lowest estimate, than 200,000 souls, with a different language or dialect, on a probable average, for every 5000 souls!

This rapid sketch affords no place for personal panegyric, nor does it furnish a proper opportunity for dwelling on the higher and holier characteristics of a missionary's calling; and we believe it possible that even such a character as that of George Selwyn may have its gloss tarnished for a moment by that incense of indiscriminate and fulsome eulogy of which our habits of religious "demonstration"—party demonstration especially—are apt to make us profuse. We will leave it, therefore, to others to expend their encomiastic propensities on so good a subject; but, in reference to our

present purpose, we cannot but dwell for a moment on some of those secondary but most useful qualities which have marked him out an eminent agent for his present work; a work to which, with the highest honors of his great profession open to him at home, he has dedicated his life. The extreme polish of English social refinement, the touch of chivalrous sentiment, the finished classical elegance of taste, which are the ultimate results of such an education as his acting on such abilities, are apt, in nine cases out of ten, to unfit their owner for all exertion requiring close and constant communication with various classes of men. They produce fastidiousness—a more unconquerable enemy to generous expansiveness in active life than pride, or indolence, or profligacy itself. But in those cases where this danger is avoided, whether through a happy natural disposition, or by resolute watchfulness and self-control, not a stroke of the chisel, which has given this fine and elaborate polish to the man, has been bestowed in vain. No other training gives in such perfection the aptitude to do the right thing in point of time, place, and circumstances; to be "all things to all men" without loss of self-respect, or compromise of principle. The kind of dignity which it communicates is such as cannot be obscured by want of outward show and appliances, or derogated from by condescension; such as involuntarily attracts, or subjugates, both the coarsest civilized, and the wildest savage nature. Captain Erskine's volume gives examples enough of the impression made by the presence of "the great missionary chief" "Aliki Asori," with his body-guard of four unarmed sailors among the islanders of the New Hebrides; together with the innocent and simple affection of his own adopted children for his person.

Nor ought we to omit some allusion to the physical education which has gone to complete the bishop's missionary character, for this gives a lesson and example which may be followed with profit by numbers whose training, in other respects, must differ widely from his. We have often wondered at the sedentary, stay-at-home kind of life which seems to be led, by predilection, by numbers of those whose lot has been cast as missionaries in these distant regions. We say by predilection; because, though ready enough to confront toil and travel, as well as danger, whenever called on to change their sphere of exertion, their great aim seems to be, when this is accomplished, to settle down in a quiet and domestic routine, with little more of physical exertion than is necessary to perform their ordinary round of duty. Nor would we depreciate the advantages of "quietness and confidence;" yet, on the whole, a little more taste for bodily exertion, a little more of the locomotive

spirit, would probably add both to their own energies and to those of their pupils, with whom they would, moreover, be brought into much more frequent contact. The absence of such qualities is scarcely to be wondered at, when the original training of these men is considered. It has been frugal, and in a sense laborious, but almost always sedentary. How many Polynesian missionaries, Protestant or Romanist, can paddle a canoe, or navigate a twenty-ton yacht? How many have even that command of their own legs and wind which is attained by an ordinary Swiss tourist or Highland sportsman? Now, the proficient in all Eton and Cambridge manly science, the acknowledged chief of athletic exercises among the most athletic sons of men, was able to apply himself to his work with advantages which few feeble literary folk can only contemplate with envy and admiration. *Voir c'est avoir*, says the French proverb; and the two great and rugged islands of New Zealand have been fairly taken possession of, in this sense, by their bishop, and the few who could keep up with him, from one end to the other. Swimming the rivers, and climbing the mountains, the intrepid visitors performed, habitually, distances on foot which the natives themselves would only achieve in occasional fits of fierce exertion. But, above all, the aquatic accomplishments of the prelate enabled him to do much which, in that sea-indented region, was altogether beyond the power of the mere land traveller. He has made himself as practically familiar with the navigation of its seas, as with the topography of its English settlements and Maori villages of the interior.

This is the only port of New Zealand (he says, speaking incidentally of Nelson in one of his visitation tours) where the Undine employs the service of a pilot: the outline of almost every hill, and the position of every rock, being by this time written on the minds of her master and myself. If there be any truth in phrenology, I believe that the map of New Zealand will be stamped on some part of the organic substance of my brain. It is this intimate knowledge of localities, derived from frequent visits, which gives such a peculiar charm to the whole country, and makes it seem like one's own—and so it is; for, like the gypsies, I pitch my tent where'er I please, or anchor my floating palace in any sheltered cove; and wherever I go, by sea or land, I am received as a friend, and find some objects of moral and religious interest to leave upon the mind a pleasant recollection of the place. . . . It may be an unusual taste (he elsewhere says), but I must acknowledge that sea-faring is to me a source of enjoyment and benefit, from the vigorous health which it imparts, and the leisure which it affords for reading and thought. It is not that I dislike society, but that the incessant interruptions of a new com-

munity, requiring constant superintendence, leave me scarcely any time for myself—*Journal of 1848*, p. 52.

With the turn of mind and habits which these extracts display, formed by much experience and observation of society in many stages both of civilized and barbarous life, it will be no surprise to the reader, whether he concurs or no, to find that the bishop pronounces himself strongly against exclusive training for the missionary service, and constituting Protestant missionary colleges on the principle of Romanist seminaries: which has been often advocated by others, and in some cases, no doubt, found indispensable. His principle, on the contrary, carried into practice as far as his limited educational means admitted, was to avoid confining his students, either European or native, to that single though invaluable object—to exact no pledges as to their future life—to train them as men to be fitted equally for secular employment, should they embrace it, as for that missionary career to which he hoped to attach the best qualified among them. But on this subject likewise his own words will best convey his meaning.

If we had not been led by conviction, we should have been driven by necessity, to adopt our present plan, of associating our young men with the college in some secular capacity, without pledges as to their future course of life; but with the understanding that the bishop's eye is over them all, and that, when their term of probation is ended, he will advise them whether it will be expedient for them to enter upon a stricter course of study, with a view to Holy Orders, or to persevere in the practice of the art which they have learned. It will be no reproach to a student if he should prefer the secular employment; nor will his parents have incurred any pecuniary obligation, as his charges at the College will have been borne, in great part, by the work of his own hands. This complex system gives a character to our institution which strangers can scarcely understand, who have been accustomed to the academic fignments of dress and ceremony, which often veil more ignorance, and idleness, and vice, than, I trust, we shall ever have occasion to lament. There is an open and undisguised reality about our work, which seems to be highly favorable to the discrimination of character, and therefore to the due selection of instruments; a class of demure students in black and white, with face and tone of voice and manner conformed to the standard which they believe to be expected, would be a poor exchange for a healthful and mirthful company of youths, as yet unconstrained by pledges and professions, who show their true character in every act of their lives, whether of business or amusement. You will, I hope, excuse the length of this apology for our college system, for when a man is obliged to be singular, he owes to the world an explanation of his reasons for differing from it; without which, the first and just pre-

sumption would be, that he who departs so widely from the practice of his fellow men, as he cannot be an angel, must be a fool.

These opinions lose nothing of their force from the circumstances that the confident enthusiasm of their author has received one of those heavy discouragements, without which no missionary enterprise seems to ripen to ultimate perfection. St. John's College, according to the last accounts, has been broken up, at least for the present, owing, as it is reported, to dissensions and untoward events wholly unconnected with the Melanesian experiment which concerns us at present. But, in one form or another, the views which gave birth to that foundation will undoubtedly survive, and the next attempt to realize them will proceed on the basis of dearly-bought experience.

Of the group called NEW CALEDONIA, which has very recently excited attention from the announced determination of the French Government to form a settlement there, it may perhaps be said that less is known than of any other considerable Polynesian region. Lying between 20deg. and 22deg. S., and 160deg. and 175deg. E., it commands, as will be seen by the map, rather an ominous advanced position with reference both to New South Wales and New Zealand. But its western flank is covered by one of the largest and most dangerous coral reefs of the world, nearly a hundred leagues in length: and between it and the coast of New South Wales the ocean is a perfect labyrinth of these treacherous islets, on one of which the great Australian navigator Flinders was lost. The chief island, called by some Balad (but Captain Erskine says this is only the name of a district), is reported to be 200 miles long and 30 or 40 in breadth, and possesses some of the finest harbors in the world. Port St. Vincent, on the western or dangerous side, is said to be twice the size of Port Jackson, and equally secure. Forster, the companion of Cook, expatiates on the magnificent vegetation of this region—its strange columnar araucarias, resembling the Norfolk Island species, from which the Isle of Pines, one of the group, has its name. We have before us the plan of "Benjamin Sullivan, a retired officer," published at Sydney in 1842, for forming a British colony in these islands by the aid of a joint-stock company, "with a capital of three millions sterling;" containing carefully developed calculations of means and results; the projector being "most happy to give his services in any capacity wherein they may be considered requisite for carrying it into effect"—one of those elaborate day-dreams which are conjured into existence by the working of the brains of thoughtful men in compulsory inaction—seeds scat-

tered on the winds, of which, one, perhaps, in a thousand is caught up, and takes root somewhere in the minds of the practical and enterprising, to grow, we scarcely trace how, into a great reality.

Captain Erskine, together with Bishop Selwin in his little "Undine," visited the main island in September, 1850, but did not penetrate far into the interior. The natives they saw were of the ordinary Melanesian type, but more resembling those of Fiji than any others whom the Captain had observed. The country appeared cultivated with more than usual care, and the people in very strict subordination to their chiefs. They pass however, for a bloodthirsty and ferocious race, and have, according to French authorities, a strong propensity, like the African negroes and savages of Australia, to believe in magical influences, and to persecute with great atrocity those who are suspected of employing them.

New Caledonia has hitherto been scarcely visited by Protestant missionary enterprise. Some teachers from Samoa attempted lately to form a community on the Isle of Pines, but were, we believe, driven away. The French priests have, however, labored in this quarter for many years with a zeal and courage worthy of better results than they have obtained. It is not easy to obtain a connected view of these attempts from the loose and disjointed statements contained in the "Annales de la Propagation de la Foi," the only authority to which we have had access. We find that for several years there has been a "Vicar-Apostolic" of Melanesia and Micronesia, whose head quarters have varied according to circumstances. One of these dignitaries, Bishop Epalle, was murdered about five years ago in the exercise of his vocation, at the Solomon Islands, in the neighborhood of New Guinea. The priests, his companions, absolutely forbade the reprisals which a French officer would fain have exercised for his death, and the mission in that quarter has since been abandoned. Bishop Epalle has been succeeded in his vicariate by Monseigneur Collomb, titular Bishop of Antiphele, whose head quarters were for some time in New Caledonia. In 1843 Monseigneur Douarre, titular Bishop of Amata, with two religious laymen—M. Marziou, a merchant of Havre, and Lieut. Marceau, of the French navy—conceived the curious idea of establishing a "commercial and religious association *en commandite*, capital a million francs, in 2000 shares, for Melanesian trade and conversion. The company despatched in that year a ship from Nantes, "L'Arche d'Alliance;" and Père Rougeyron, one of the priests whom she carried to New Caledonia, describes the country in glowing language as a beautiful region of mountains, forests, and waterfalls—"je n'ai pas vu de pays," he affectionately

says, "qui me rappelait aussi bien mon *Auvergne*." But here our records of the progress of this pious company unfortunately cease. In 1845 and 1846 we find priests continuing to labor, with very indifferent success, among these impracticable savages; in 1847 a ferocious onslaught on their little quarters in Balad, in which two priests were killed, and Bishop Collomb himself narrowly escaped with life. The assault was wholly unprovoked; but one of the party seems to have unfortunately exhibited a gun in self-defence, which heightened the exasperation of the assailants, and violent though deserved retribution was taken for it by the crew of a French vessel of war. The French occupation in this instance seems therefore to have been preceded for some years by the missionary efforts of their ecclesiastics; and, except as regards the rumored intention to establish a penal settlement, we cannot bring ourselves to regard it as other than a blessing. It must certainly open to commerce and civilization a region which seems to lie beside, though adjoining, the line of our own direct influence. It may only promote the trade of our neighboring colonies; and, whenever political events may revive the mutual fears and jealousies of past days, it will probably serve as a means of drawing together the bands of British brotherhood, and reminding our distant cousins of what the flush of wealth and prosperity may at times make them forget—that their interests, as well as their speech and thought, are in reality identical with those of Old England.

Far beyond the many constellations of islands with which, we fear, we have already wearied our readers, to the north and westward, the ocean is studded with still more numerous groups with which the European navigator has formed, as yet, scarcely a partial acquaintance—the Solomon Islands, the great archipelago of the Carolines, the Pelews, and numbers more, conducting his steps to the mysterious confines of Japan, the Philippines, and the Spice Islands of the Dutch. But these we must leave unnoticed: as yet, indeed, they offer almost an untouched field to missionary enterprise. We have left ourselves only room for a hasty glance at the Britain of the southern hemisphere—New Zealand, a region under whose bright and temperate skies, widely differing from the parched Australian atmosphere, our transplanted race has already begun to expand in vigorous manhood. But alongside our colonists there flourishes a still numerous and Christian nation, rapidly adopting the social life of England, as it has already adopted her faith. To rescue this people from the ordinary fate of conquered native races, and elevate it to the rank of a civilized community, is among the most interesting

problems that remain to be worked out by British statesmen at the present day.

New Zealand is said to be inhabited by two families—the Maori and the Manga-Manga (said to mean, respectively, "indigenous" and "imported").—The latter are thought to approach the Melanesian or Austral-Negro type, though by no means wanting in intellectual development. But the former furnish the noble and priestly casts; and also, we imagine, the bulk of the population. The male Maoris are among the finest specimens of the great Polynesian race; the women seem from most accounts to be inferior, not equalling the beauty of the sex in the Society Isles and Marquesas.

The loose statements of casual observers respecting the physical condition of the Maori race have been brought to something approaching a test of exact comparison by Dr. Thomson, surgeon to the 58th regiment, whose remarks on the subject have been included in a late number of the *Journal of the Statistical Society of London*, and in the *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review* for April of the present year. The general conclusions at which he arrived are, that the average stature of male New Zealanders in the neighborhood of Auckland was 5 feet 6 3-4 inches, or two inches more than that of the Belgians (5 feet 4 3-4 inches, Quetelet), and a little above Halle's estimate of the mean height of men in the temperate countries of Europe (5 feet 5 to 6 inches), but considerably below the average height of students at Cambridge and Edinburgh (about 5 feet 8 inches), which students, however, we cannot regard with Dr. Thomson as average specimens, in point of stature, of the natives of Great Britain—they are probably much above it. Dr. Thomson found the average weight of the New Zealanders without their clothes to be ten stone, which is "rather under that of the natives of Great Britain" (here, again, he speaks of the picked classes of soldiers and students), and above that of the Belgians and French; while in strength (tested by lifting weights) they fell considerably short of British soldiers. It must be observed respecting the whole experiment, that the Maoris in question were indiscriminately taken from those who presented themselves at the hospital for vaccination, or worked on the government roads; excluding therefore, or nearly so, the class of Chiefs, whose personal superiority to the common people is notorious. Dr. Thomson measured one of these heads of tribes who was 6 feet 5 1-2 inches high. Taking all the circumstances together, it must be regarded as confirming the high opinion generally entertained of their physical qualities. Their figure differs from that of Europeans. Their bodies are 1 1-2 inches longer,

and their legs from the knee-joint 1 1-2 inches shorter. Their feet, according to English notions, are ill-shaped, for they are broader than with us, and about an inch less in length. "Clothed," says Dr. Thomson, "in his native dress, the New Zealander looks like the lion of the forest; in European clothes he is squat and vulgar." The number of the natives in the northern island is estimated at more than 100,000, though much diminished, and still, it is feared, diminishing; while in the great southern island "Te Wai Pounamu" (absurdly called "Middle Island" in official nomenclature, with reference to a third or southern one, which bears about the proportion to the others of the Isle of Wight to Great Britain) a few thousands only are to be found, to the particular convenience of the settlers of Canterbury and Otago, who are rapidly converting their unoccupied and open plains into a pastoral region on the Australian scale.

Over the early history of the New Zealanders, such as Cook* and his successors found them, we shall not detain our readers. It would but be to repeat descriptions with which our sketches of Fiji life must have satiated them. But to native ferocity and cannibalism were soon added (if possible) even darker elements of evil. English and American whalers and sealers, runaway sailors, military deserters, escaped convicts from Australia, "sawyers and lumberers, adventurers and evasives of every sort"—such were the first founders of European settlement in the northern island. They clustered there in considerable numbers, formed little colonies of their own—chiefly about the Bay of Islands in the extreme north, intermarried extensively with the natives, joined in their wars and political affairs, and introduced among them the worst blood, the worst habits, and the worst diseases of modern ultra-civilization.

It was among a people thus prepared for the reception of Christianity that Mr. Marsden, colonial chaplain at Sydney, founded the first Church Missionary settlement in the Bay of

Islands, in 1814. The Wesleyans followed soon after, establishing themselves, about 1822, at Wangaroa, on the Eastern coast. From these two points—both situate in the extreme northern peninsula which projects from the northern island—the work of conversion was carried on for many years with a steadiness and perseverance rarely equalled, and with perfect harmony between the two Christian communities engaged in it. The details may be learnt from the volumes of the Church Missionary Society, and from the *Life of Samuel Leigh*, by Mr. Strachan, which is among the volumes we have placed at the head of this article. Several years later (but before the assumption of sovereignty by Great Britain) a Roman Catholic mission, under Bishop Pompallier, also established itself at the Bay of Islands.

Very dark, indeed, were the prospects of the missionaries for many years. According to the common history of such events, the evils of heathenry grew darker as its extinction approached. The acquisition of European weapons, and the example of European outcasts added great destructiveness to war, and fresh ferocity to the "Utu" or Maori "Vendetta," the implacable demand of satisfaction for blood. The missionaries conceived that they had made an impression on one of the most powerful chiefs of the north, by name "Hongi;" they sent him to England, where he attracted much notice, and obtained many presents. The wily savage exchanged them all at Sydney, on his return, for double-barrelled guns, muskets, and ammunition. Thus prepared, he started at once on a work of general conquest and extermination,—

"which," says Colonel Mundy, "he found no difficulty in effecting, when opposed only by clubs, spears, and stone tomahawks. Sweeping onwards from the north, he drove all before him—the great chief, Te Rauperaha, even flying from the "villanous saltpetre." Te Rauperaha, in his turn unseated from his hereditary lands, cleft his way towards the south, and paying in the coin he had received, stayed not his blood-stained course until crossing Cook's Straits, he had reached their southern shore on the Middle Island—

where he established himself in his turn, by dispossession and massacre of the ancient inhabitants.

The wars of Hongi and Rauperaha were by far the bloodiest of which New Zealand tradition retains the memory. In a single action three thousand warriors were said to have fallen. Vast tracts were depopulated, and never again have, and probably never will, become occupied by the race of their former owners. The last deed of blood of the exterminator Hongi was his attack on the Wesleyan mission at Wangaroa, on January 10th, 1827:

* A chief, who remembered the arrival of Captain Cook, was still living at the close of 1852, when he spoke at a meeting of the natives called together by the government to settle the compensation to be made to the owners of the soil for permission to work the gold-producing districts. He was accustomed to tell "how they all thought that the ship was a large kind of whale, and that the men on board were gods; how for some time he himself, then but a little boy, was afraid to go on board; and how Captain Cook spoke little, less than the others, but took more notice of the children, patting them kindly on the head." The work from which these particulars are taken—"Auckland, the Capital of New Zealand"—contains in a small compass an accurate and comprehensive account of the place, the climate, the inhabitants, and the commerce. It is published anonymously, but we have heard that it is the production of Mr. Swainson, the eminent naturalist.

In the vicinity of his camp the ovens were crowded with victims of war, while all parts of the human body, those of the mother and sucking infant, lay in undistinguishable masses. He pursued the flying enemy as far as Hunebuna, where they made a stand. During the fight Hongi stepped from behind a tree to discharge his musket, when a ball struck him; it broke his collar-bone, passed in an oblique direction through his right breast, and came out a little below his shoulder-blade close to the spine. This shot interrupted his career. The wound never closed; and the wind whistling through it afforded amusement to the sinking warrior.—*Life of Leigh*, p. 278.

The condition of New Zealand, especially the Northern part was at this time truly fearful. The utter insecurity of native institutions and rights, and of life itself, against the terrible and new powers of destruction now wielded by the "man-eating" warriors, seem to have produced a general recklessness and abandonment to sanguinary practices. Cannibalism became more common than ever: it was at this time that a horrible trade in preserved heads of New Zealand natives as articles of ornament prevailed for a short while. Infanticide, particularly of female children, began to threaten the utter extinction of the race. The suppression of the material instinct was so complete, that a substitute was actually found for it in the trifling impulse of maternal vanity. Mrs. Leigh, observing that

the native mothers were proud of seeing their children with any article of dress peculiar to the *Pakeha* (European), employed her scholars to make several sets of baby-dresses. With these she clothed the infants in the families to which her young people respectively belonged. * * In a short time several mothers arrived with their infants: placing them on the floor, they said, "These are your children, Mrs. Leigh; you must dress them like the Europe people." Mrs. Leigh would take the little creatures one by one into her lap and dress them. On returning them to their mothers she would say, "What beautiful children these are! See that you take great care of them. I will call occasionally and see how they thrive." It was generally found, that when a native woman could be induced to preserve the life of her child for twelve or fourteen days, the strength of maternal affection was sufficient to save it afterwards from destruction. "In this way," said Mr. Leigh, "at a small expense, and in a short time, we saved scores of lives."—*Life*, p. 200.

We have no doubt that the great prevalence of this practice of female infanticide in the last generation is the main cause of that continuing depopulation which is observed in some districts in our own time. "There is a great disproportion of the sexes throughout this district," says Missionary Wood, of Waimaté, in the recent Papers: "there are more

men than women: and when a man has lost his wife he becomes unhappy and unsettled." The same writer reports a diminution by deaths and removals of one-third of the natives in eight years. The same thing is reported to Governor Grey by Dr. Wilson, the medical officer in charge of the New Plymouth district.

It is doubtless a sad truth, that in the rising generation one sees among them everywhere that, to whatsoever cause it is to be attributed, the number of the females has no relative proportion to that of the males.

The leading missionaries abandoned their former seats for a time after the destruction of Wanganui; and of that early seat of New Zealand Christianity we believe no traces are left. The operations of the missionaries can indeed scarcely be said to have begun in earnest until about the year 1831. Then a sudden and remarkable change took place. Perhaps the utter desolation produced by Hongi's wars—the breaking down of the power of old chieftains, the mixture of tribes, the confusion of rights and breaking up of old ideas, predisposed the minds of the survivors to the reception of the Gospel; but it was now embraced with all the imitative eagerness so characteristic of the race.

From that time forth their success was without a check. The general conversion of New Zealand, it may be said, was a work of little more than ten years. When Bishop Selwyn arrived in 1842, the greater part of the natives near the settlements seem to have already embraced Christianity; now, the heathens nowhere form more than a small and rapidly declining minority.

We must pass over the political history of New Zealand during this period: the assumption of sovereignty by Great Britain, the administrations of Governors Hobson and Fitzroy, the famous Treaty of Waitangi, acknowledging the rights of the native tribes to their lands, and the various comments and controversies to which it gave rise. Suffice it for our present purpose to say, that the "land questions" thus raised produced at last, after many insulated acts of hostility between natives and settlers, the singular and formidable "rebellion" of 1845 in the Northern Island. The celebrated leader of that rebellion, "John" (in native pronunciation Honi) "Heké" was, perhaps, rather an instrument than a ring-leader. He was not a chief by birth: "he lived as a boy," says Colonel Mundy, "in the capacity of servant at the Church Missionary Station at Paihia. The exterminator Hongi Christian, like himself, by very loose profession—gave him his first lesson in war and his daughter in marriage." By his handsome person, gallant address, and national boastfulness,

he acquired great influence among the youthful and enterprising part of the community, while more legitimate leaders either looked on him with suspicion or used him for their own ulterior purposes. "His longings took the peculiar form of cutting down the British flag-staff, which designing persons had taught him to regard as the symbol of Maori subjugation and slavery." Three times he and his turbulent followers cut down "Te Kara," "the color;" the last time in 1844, at Kororarika, with great solemnity, "after performing prayers with arms in their hands." Want of regular military—and natural aversion to the alternative of committing settlers and savages to a desolating warfare—induced the local government long to tolerate his outrages. At last they sent for forces from New South Wales—but on the very day when these left Sydney, 11th March, 1845, occurred the strange and disastrous sacking of Kororarika, by Heké and his comrades—much to the astonishment of the settlers and authorities. The details of the attack may be read in Col. Mundy's work, and also in Bishop Selwyn's letter of April 1846 to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel: for the Bishop was on the spot, and busied throughout the fire in removing the wounded, the women and children, and after its cessation in burying the dead. He mixed without fear or molestation among the triumphant victors—who not only respected him, but listened patiently to his remonstrances, and abstained, on his reproof, from emptying the casks of liquor they had captured. They warred against the soldiers and the flag, they said, not against the missionaries or the settlers. In the afternoon, says the Bishop,

One of those circumstances occurred which mark, more than words can express, the confidence with which the old settlers live among the inhabitants of the country. I had gone about half-way to the Waimate, when I met a settler from Hokianga, riding quietly down to the bay, with one native on horseback behind him, to learn the particulars of the engagement. He had come thirty miles through the country from which Heké's forces were drawn, and was going to the scene of action; and I afterwards met him returning by the same route without the slightest apprehension of danger. The truth is, that there is something in the native character which disarms personal fears in those who live among them and are acquainted with their manners. All suspicion of treachery seems to be at variance with the openness and publicity of their proceedings. Heké published beforehand his determination to attack Kororarika, the day on which it was to be done, and even the particulars of his plan for the assault.

But surely we may go farther, and attribute much to what Col. Mundy terms 'the

great instinctive magnanimity of the Maori race'—and much to fifteen years of missionary training, which had converted war, from a mere display of animal ferocity to a game of even ultra-chivalrous loyalty.

It had, however, in no degree tamed their valor or abated their military skill. A series of partial military disasters to the British arms followed, ending with the unfortunate day of the 30th of June, 1845, when Colonel Despard, at the head of 400 British soldiers, was repulsed with the loss of one-fourth of his men, from Heké's strong 'pah' or stockade, at Waimate. It is not easy to calculate what might have been the results of a real and determined union against British Supremacy at this juncture: but the Maoris were not united; many were on the British side—many passively disapproved of the proceedings of the rebels. Heké evacuated his famous stronghold, which was burnt by the British; but at the very same time his ally, the veteran chief Kawiti, 'was heard of, thirty or forty miles distant, busily engaged in erecting the most formidable work ever attempted in New Zealand, namely, the Rua-peka-peka, or the Bat's Nest.'

The following is Colonel Mundy's description of this famous fortress, which he visited two years later:—

The height and solidity of the picquets composing the curtains, whereof there were two, distant some six feet apart, filled me with astonishment; nor was I less struck with the ingenuity displayed in the formation of the trenches and covered ways, between this double row of palisades and within both, from whence the defenders could take deadly aim along the glacis at the exposed stormers. Most of the loopholes for musketry were on the ground level, and, across the trenches in which the musketeers stood or crouched, were erected regular traverses, with narrow passages for one person, to guard against the *ricochet* of the British shot. The interior was, as has been said, subdivided into many compartments, so that the loss of one of them would not necessarily prevent the next from holding out.

How these savages had contrived in a few weeks, and without mechanical appliances, to prepare the massive materials of their stockade, and to place them in their proper positions, deeply sunk in the earth, and firmly bound together, is inconceivable,—to be sure, the timber and flax grew on the spot, and the laborers engaged in the work were working and preparing to fight for their native land and for liberty,—what more need be said? The pah was studded with subterranean cells, into which the more timid or prudent ran—like rabbits at the bark of a dog—when they heard the whiz of a shell or a rocket, or had reason to expect a salvo from the guns,—Mundy, vol. iii. p. 236.

With infinite labor and perseverance the British guns were dragged through the imper-

vicious forest which surrounded the Bat's Nest, in December, 1845, and brought at last to bear on it; but—

The actual capture of the Rua-peka-peka occurred somewhat fortuitously. The 'Mihonari,' or Christian portion of the garrison, had assembled for their karakia, or church service, on the outside of the rear face of the fortress, under cover of some rising ground. A party of loyal natives, wide-awake to the customs of their countrymen, approached under command of Wiremu Waka, brother of Tomati; and reconnoitred the breaches. Discovering the employment of the defenders, a message was sent back to the English, reporting this most righteous and laudable act of religion, but most unpardonable breach of military tactics, on the part of their hostile compatriots. And who shall say that this neglect of man's ordinances and observance of God's in the time of their trouble, did not bring with them a providential and merciful result? It led doubtless to their almost instantaneous defeat; but it saved them and the English from the tenfold carnage which a more vigilant and disciplined resistance from within their walls would have infallibly caused. An officer or two with a small party of soldiers and seamen stole quietly into the almost deserted pah, and further reinforcements followed quickly from the trenches. The Maoris, too late discovering their error and the movements of their foes, rushed tumultuously back into the work, and made a fierce but futile attempt to retake it. Hand to hand, and unfavored by position, they had no chance against the British bayonet and cutlass. Baffled and overpowered, they fled by the rear of the stockade, and the Bat's Nest was ours.

Thus terminated a war in which British energy and perseverance obtained at last the usual success, but against resistance of no common order. It is satisfactory to observe that the best judges concur in the opinion shared by Colonel Mundy with the governor, that 'no probability exists of any extensive rebellion ever breaking out again in the country:' but it is most important not to be misled either into over-security against the recurrence of such a calamity, or over-confidence in our means for its immediate suppression. As late as December, 1852, there were serious threatenings of armed collision between native tribes near the Bay of Islands, on some land question: suppressed, according to the Rev. Mr. Strachan, by missionary influence. And should such a misfortune recur, it will probably be found that the Maoris have lost nothing of their courage or tactics. According to the governor, in his remarkable despatch of July, 1849, cited at length in Lord Grey's 'Colonial Policy,' they have learnt the weakness of their old system of fortification against the shell: they will construct no more 'pahs,' but trust to the natural strength of the country, and their own skill with the musket.

In November, 1845, while the war was yet raging, Sir George Grey assumed the command of the colony and of the strong military force which had been brought to defend it. The settlers were everywhere in dismay, and in some parts in serious danger: the relations between the races broken and hostile. Never was man called to the performance of a less promising task; for while the war (to use the language of Lord Grey in his work already cited) 'would have been converted into a mortal struggle between the European and Maori races by the slightest error of judgment on his part, and by his failing to unite with the most cautious prudence equal firmness and decision,' at the same time the angry disappointment of the settlers, and the intricate affairs of the New Zealand Company, were even more urgent and distracting than the causes of uneasiness from the natives. How he dealt with these former it is no part of our present business to show; but his management of the great native population under his government has been successful to a degree which no observer would have dared to anticipate; and the two volumes of Parliamentary Papers, which we have quoted at the head of this article, will furnish to those who sift them for the purpose invaluable records of his great ability, his consummate patience, his Christian humanity. Already familiar with a far lower and more despised race—the natives of Australia, to whose hearts he was the first and almost the only Englishman who ever found the way—he now applied all his energies to mastering the Maori language and the Maori character, and acquiring the habit of constant personal superintendence of their affairs. Instead of holding aloof from their former teachers, he threw himself into immediate and hearty communication with the missionaries; and no one has borne more decisive evidence than he, throughout the despatches before us, to the character of their services, in preparing the natives for British government and civilization, and assisting him afterwards in diffusing their benefits: in his own words—

Converting, educating, and training, by hourly, unremitting watchfulness and care (continued often by the same individual through long years of devotedness), winning the idolatrous barbarian to Christianity, making him a Christian in fact and in daily practice, and fitting him, by the knowledge of the arts of civilized life imparted to him, not only to fulfil his duty as a citizen of a Christian state, but to rejoice in the change which had forced him to abandon barbarism and to adopt the customs of civilization.

Lastly, he brought the whole subject of native government, and the relations between the races, within the comprehensive embrace of a few distinct measures, partly having force

of law, partly rules for the conduct of the executive: few in number, but based on calculation and forethought, and adhered to, through good and evil report, with characteristic tenacity. But here again we must allow the governor to speak for himself:—

The measures which have been recently carried out for the advancement of the natives are—prohibiting the sale of arms and gunpowder, and the repair of arms; prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors; the enactment of an ordinance which provides the means of educating a large and increasing number of native children; the providing a tolerably efficient means of medical attendance in the most populous native districts; the employment of a native constabulary force, thus acquainting them with our laws; the enactment of laws for the adjustment of disputes between natives and Europeans; the employment of natives upon public works, where they are trained in various kinds of skilled labor and in the use of European tools and implements; and the providing employment generally for from 1200 to 1400 natives on the public works.

To these must be added, perhaps as the most important safeguard of the whole, the rigid maintenance of the law by which all sales of land by native tribes, as of common ownership, except to Government, are absolutely prohibited; the local executive thus stepping in with constant and effectual vigilance between the native and the landjobber. To no single measure does New Zealand owe its recent exemption from international discontent and hostility so peculiarly as to this; and in proportion to its obvious utility is its unpopularity with that class of white citizens whose object is to impose at once on the simplicity or eagerness of the savage, and on the weakness of local officials against 'pressure.' Their great object throughout has been to devise evasions of the law, and then to proclaim it inefficient by reason of its liability to evasion; but hitherto with little success. And the matter is now become of less importance; for the law has nearly accomplished its purpose. A very large proportion of the available land has passed from the ownership of the tribes to that of the Government: those tribes which still hold out are thoroughly alive to the value of their possession, and can match either Government or squatter in driving a bargain; and the general diffusion of the notion of individual property among the natives is rapidly superseding that old principle of tribal ownership or dominion, the definition of which perplexed so greatly, a few years ago, the wits of colonial jurists and politicians.

The establishment of resident magistrates all over the country, to decide in a summary way on disputes between natives, was a measure which had its special object, besides its obvious advantages of a general kind. One of the

inconvenient consequences which followed the universal adoption of Christianity was the relaxation of the tie between chief and vassal, master and slave. It would be a great mistake to judge of the general character of these feudal institutions merely by their abuses, monstrous as these have doubtless been. 'The chiefs feel as I do,' says the Governor in a despatch of April, 1848, 'that the Maori laws, which compelled subordination and restrained the violence of the evil-disposed multitude, are being rapidly swept away, whilst the local government find it difficult, if not impossible, to spread their administration of the European law into the interior of the country so rapidly as the Maori law disappears.' And he subjoins a very interesting letter from the chief 'Tamati Ngapora,' pointing out the mischiefs arising from this deficiency, and arguing, with no small shrewdness, from Scriptural premises the necessity of a subordination of ranks. The 'resident magistrates' ordinance' seems exactly to have met the evil. They were whites, and therefore impartial; their courts followed Maori usage as interpreted to them, and were therefore popular. The papers before us are full of instances in which chiefs and people combined to repudiate their ancient mode of dealing with injuries, and resort to these tribunals for redress. Now indeed, in accordance with the eagerness and love of novelty which so curiously characterize them, their passion for the new amusement of litigation amounts to a public inconvenience. They have the same attraction towards British courts and law as the country people who flock to one of our remote assize towns. And odd enough are the mixed questions which sometimes arise out of the adaptation of Coke and Blackstone to antipodean requirements; as for instance, whether a chief is debarred from the truly British remedy of civil damages for conjugal infidelity, where the seducer has robbed him of the affection of one wife only out of several—a point which evidently affords abundant scope for the advocate's ingenuity.* An institution of a very unobtrusive kind, namely the establishment of hospitals in all the populous parts (chiefly supported out of funds derived from the sale of land), has had perhaps even more beneficial effects. Its direct advantages have been very great: it has relieved

* This subject of polygamy has proved an embarrassing one, in New Zealand, in more important ways. The adoption of Christianity, of course, tends to its abolition: but it is a knotty question for casuists, whether a native is to be required to abandon it before admission into the church. Besides the arguments which Milton might have put forward against exacting such a condition, the more obvious one occurs at once: What is to become of the poor repudiated women? The reader will find the matter seriously discussed in a recent paper in the Colonial Chronicle for January, 1854.

numbers of sufferers whom native practice would have either abandoned as incurable or sought to relieve only by superstitious quackeries: it has mitigated, at least, that terrible evil which no care can wholly ward off, the spread of new diseases and mortality wherever natives and Europeans are brought in contact. But, indirectly, it has proved a great assistant to civilization. The natives, with their ready appreciation of everything useful to themselves, are ready and eager to avail themselves of these places of refuge: they have learned to connect the ideas of relief, comfort, and good treatment with that of government; and nothing can contribute so directly towards the last and most difficult result of all, amalgamation of races; for when side by side on the bed of sickness, even Saxon and Maori are apt to remember only their common humanity.

In this important respect, even the great agent of all, general education, has perhaps proved in New Zealand a less unqualified advantage. Here Governor Grey found the way already made straight before his arrival. The zealous exertions of missionaries of three denominations had not been in vain. The elements of instruction are widely spread among the Maoris. The Governor has availed himself of existing powers instead of endeavoring to create new ones—he has placed the fund which he felt himself entitled to devote to this purpose, in due proportions, in the hands of the English and Roman Catholic Bishop and of the Wesleyan Superintendent. We may deeply regret the necessity of such a distribution, but the strongest secularist can hardly disapprove of it. The Governor's own favorite establishments, the 'industrial schools,' counted, in 1851, 434 Anglican, 215 Wesleyan, and 53 Roman Catholic students (natives), probably representing with fairness the relative proportion of the sects throughout the colony. Education among the natives in general has now advanced a long way beyond elementary or merely Scriptural instruction. Not to speak of more solid acquirements, they have a strong taste for literature after their fashion—chiefly legendary and poetical. 'Robinson Crusoe' was translated by Mr. Kemp into Maori in 1851, and became a great and general favorite: the 'Pilgrim's Progress' was to follow. They have, as we observed before of Polynesians in general, a passion for words—a propensity to empty and unmeaning fluency. Religious, political, and commercial subjects are discussed with an endless amount of talk. Chiefs will sit up whole nights compiling endless letters to each other on trifling or imaginary subjects. 'Their employments' (quaintly says Dr. Rees, in a report to the Governor on the medical topography of the Wanganui district) 'are, gardening, agri-

culture, fishing, spearing birds, making or repairing canoes, weaving mats (now seldom practised), ornamental carving, Divine services, religious and political discussions, and the general news of the day.'

But with all this advance in the use of their own language, they appear as yet to have done very little towards acquiring that of their conquerors. It was, as we have observed on a former occasion, a fixed rule of missionary discipline all over the Pacific to convey instruction in the native tongues; and the system thus begun on the authority of the teachers has acquired additional strength through the intense nationality of the Maori race. No European can obtain real influence among them without acquiring facility in their speech; while they will themselves employ that of the settlers no further than the absolute necessities of commercial intercourse require. This remains, to our minds, one of the most questionable features in the present picture of New Zealand. Certainly, so long as this marked distinction remains—and the present course of education tends to perpetuate it—there may possibly be harmony and co-operation between the races, but amalgamation in the proper sense of the word is impossible.

For the present, however, such considerations are out of place. All other tendencies seem for the time superseded among this energetic people by the desire to advance in material prosperity. They are adopting with eagerness the arts, and especially the gainful arts, of the settlers. All over the Northern Island, but chiefly in the neighborhood of the settlements, they are vying with the most active of the latter in productive industry. The lower classes are engaged in road-making, whale-fishing, building, tending cattle, and tilling the soil; the chiefs becoming landed proprietors, millers (a particularly favorite profession), ship-builders, and ship-owners. 'Of the coasting craft,' says Mr. Swainson, 'which trade between Auckland and the Bay of Islands, the most regular, clean, and orderly, and that which is commonly preferred by the public for the conveyance of passengers, is a vessel wholly owned and navigated by the natives of the country.' With the usual passion of savages for newly-acquired equestrian pursuits, they have become expert horse-breeders and riders; and these islands, which possessed not one single specimen of the mammalia until Captain Cook brought them the pig and the rat, will soon furnish as pretty an irregular cavalry as ever turned out for war or the chase. To cite a late report of the Surveyor-general of the colony:—

"While they yield a ready obedience to the laws of the Europeans, and, when questioned, admit them to be just and good, they seem to

value those the most of all that enforce payment of debts and demands. All speculative theories are thrown aside, and they seem to have started with an energy quite surprising in the pursuit of gain, bidding fair to outstrip many of their early European instructors. They have now dispensed with the formerly all-important European character, once so indispensable among them, and to be seen in every village, "the native trader." He has been for the last three or four years unknown among them, being unable to make a profit by his trading transactions. They have all obtained some knowledge of arithmetic, and delight in exhibiting their skill. . . . They have now wise men among themselves to calculate the cubic contents of a heap of firewood, the area of a plot of ground, so as to sow two bushels of wheat to the acre, the live weight of a pig, and the value at 3d. a-pound, sinking one-fifth as offal. They esteem themselves first-rate horse-breakers, and I heard more than one lecturing on the mysteries of the turf to an admiring audience. Every recently arrived traveller, if he comes from any of the settlements, is closely questioned as to the price of pork, wheat, flour, and flax. The old persons may be seen in groups round the evening fire, chatting about the appearance of the crops, and all subjects relating to them; the women being busily employed in making baskets to carry grain and potatoes, or in plaiting leg-ropes for driving their pigs to market. All other pursuits seem merged into habits of thrift; and the most engrossing subject that can be broached is the relative merits of two mill sites, over or under shot wheels, and the best means of raising 200*l.* or 300*l.* for the purpose of building a mill which shall grind more than one erected by a rival tribe. Such is the excitement on this particular topic, that they have in their haste to commence the undertaking, employed in some instances very unprincipled or very unskilful workmen, and have lost considerable outlay.

"Upon first starting from our settlements, and after leaving the last farmhouse behind, one is apt to suppose that there ends the exertions of man to subdue the wild expanse of nature lying before him; but such is not the case. The natives present in their vast numbers a power, if well directed, of accomplishing much towards it, and are at this moment one of the most important features connected with the colonization of this country." — *Report to Governor, April 1852.*

How has this sudden burst of prosperity affected the religious character of the now Christianized people? Much, apparently, as similar causes have acted on other communities — producing good tempered with evil. The Maoris present no exception to the general maxim of the Psalmist and the great Greek moralist, that prosperous men are usually observant of outward religion. There is much apparent devotion among them, and much show of attachment to their various persuasions: no lack also of real faith and earnestness, though the Puritan phraseology and turn of thought in which they have been educated

jar more on our perceptions now, in these days of their civilization and worldliness, than in the freshness of their first conversion. But their teachers complain, as might naturally be expected, of increasing deadness and lack of zeal.

"The state of the people," say the Church-Missionaries, in their Report of 1852, "is, in fact, too much assimilated to that of nominal Christians at home." "Their spiritual does not keep pace with their temporal prosperity," writes the Wesleyan, Mr. Woon, in the same year (*Life of Leigh*, p. 496). "They have not yet learnt the Scriptural lesson that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.' They now eat the finest wheat; many are dressed with comfortable clothing, and ride on horses, like gentlemen; while they ride, the missionary walks." Meanwhile, whatever may be the case as to religious proficiency, controversy flourishes in this congenial soil. The disputes between "Weteri, Haha, and Pikopo" — Wesley, Church, and Bishop, i. e. Romanist — are carried on with native volubility throughout the length and breadth of the land. Even in the wild region, beaten with constant rain, and indented with rock-bound friths, like the Norwegian coast, which extends along the western shore of the Middle Island — the last corner of this Polynesian world which wealth and population will probably reach — Mr. Brunner, the only explorer who has described its solitudes, found the same dissensions prevailing: —

"There are only ninety-seven natives, adults and children," he says, "living on the west coast, north of lat. 44 deg.; all of whom profess some form of Christianity; twenty-nine of them are members of the Church, and sixty-eight Wesleyans. I am much astonished to find among the natives in these distant parts so much attention paid to their forms of religion, which are the Church and Wesleyan. Much animosity appears to exist between them; and, although in some places there are only six or seven natives, yet they have separate places of worship, two schools, and are always quarrelling about religion, each party asserting its own to be the proper service to God." — *Parl. Papers*, Jan. 1850, p. 44

Surely the force of the *reductio ad absurdum* can go no farther. The Church of Rome, of which exclusiveness is the principle, must be judged by her own standard. But that Protestants cannot combine to redeem these miserable denizens of the uttermost corners of the earth, without instilling, along with the common truth, their profitless controversies about "Weteri" and "Haha," is a fact so melancholy, as almost to tempt the ordinary reader to lay down the volumes of missionary records in despair. With whomsoever the fault may be, the originators and fosterers of such feuds

seem to us worse enemies to religion than many to whom ecclesiastical nomenclature awards the title of schismatics.

These are, however, but spots of shadow in the general prospect. The old heathen state is passing bodily away—a new Christian polity arising under our eyes like the fabric of a dream. In the neighborhood of the chief European settlements—to borrow the energetic language of Governor Grey himself:—

Both races already form one harmonious community, connected together by commercial and agricultural pursuits, professing the same faith, resorting to the same courts of justice, joining in the same public sports, standing mutually and indifferently to each other in the relation of landlord and tenant, and thus insensibly forming one people.

And now, as if to complete, with dramatic accuracy, the strange transformation which the last nine years have wrought—it seems as if the actors with whose names we are most familiar in the busy politics of New Zealand, were either disappearing together from the scene, or adapting their character to altered circumstances, so as to become absolutely new men. In May, 1850, our old enemy, John Heké, died at Waimate; being little above forty years of age. Col. Mundy believes, that

The immediate cause of the death of the Lion of the North, was a sound thrashing administered by his wife! It is certain that the daughter of the great chief, Hongi, was very jealous of her low-born but handsome husband; and had cause to be so, up to the very day of his decease. Heké's intimate friend and ally, Pene Taiu, reporting his death to the governor, writes, "Thus it was: Heké was sleeping in the forenoon—he was sound asleep. Then came Harriet with a *hami* (a staff or club) and struck him on the ribs. When she had beaten him, she threw him down upon the bed; and when he was down, she showered blows and kicks upon him. That is all.

But it is worth mentioning—to show the sensitiveness of the natives to European appreciation of their notions and conduct—that the Governor has found himself obliged to satisfy Harriet's feelings and those of her tribe by a formal report to Downing-Street, contradicting Pene Taiu's scandals, and certifying, on medical authority, that Heké died of consumption. The southern chief, Te Rauperaha, whom it had been necessary to detain in *surveillance* for eighteen months after the insurrection, died in 1849. He had been released two years before, and colonel Mundy accompanied him to his home. "It is said," the colonel informs us, "that he was well nigh broken-hearted when he found his grand old heathen pah, which stands close to the seashore (near Wellington), utterly deserted and in ruins, while the new Christian settlement is

fully peopled, and flourishing like a green bay-tree." His son Thomson (Tomihoni) Rauperaha, is described as "a discreet Christian teacher, and tea-and-toast man."

"Thomas Walker Nene," our active and gallant ally throughout the struggle of 1845, offered to colonel Mundy to surrender the pension which he holds for his services, "if the Governor would get him a fine mill from Sydney . . . It is to be hoped that before very long he became, what was the height of his ambition, a miller on his own account, grinding corn at so much per bushel." Yet this man was noted for acts of daring bravery in the olden day: once, "when his blood and heart were high," he walked alone into the pah of an enemy, called him out by name, and shot him dead for having murdered his friend and relative. But the most unaccountable of these changes seems to have come over the greatest savage of all, Rangihaieta, the chief who, at the so-called "massacre of Wairau," killed with his own tomahawk, in cold blood, captains England and Wakefield and fifteen other English prisoners; in revenge, it must be added, for the death of one of his wives by a chance-shot in the skirmish.

"In 1849," says a government surveyor in a report, "the old chief pointed out to me the impregnable nature of his position, by calling my attention more than once to the large lagoons, morasses, dense forest, and high hills with which he is surrounded; giving me to understand that he would not be destitute of food while the lagoons supplied eels, the forest birds, *mamaku*, or other food, on which, with occasional contributions from surrounding tribes, he and his followers could subsist. At this time, the very mention of a road seemed to excite his indignation."

He was shrewdly of opinion, that "the only object of roads was to conquer New Zealanders." Strange to say, he is now so bitten with what the surveyor calls the prevalent "mania for road-making" among the natives of that part of the country, that, with the encouragement of a Roman Catholic missionary, he has induced his people to make three admirable lines of road through the heart of his own fastnesses, and drives his own gig, we are told, on his own highway. One of these roads he has designated the "Governor's Back-bone," thereby, in native etiquette, making over the ownership and superintendence of it to the Governor.*

* Thus "the great Heuheu of Taupo," a powerful northern chief, once proclaimed that the splendid volcanic mountain Tongariro, one of the grandest natural objects of the island, was his own back-bone. The result of which was, that the mountain was as inconveniently "tabooed," to picturesque and other explorers, as certain Scottish glens are said to be by certain civilized chieftains.

Together with the principal native actors on this distant stage, we have now to bid farewell to the principal European. The bishop is for the present in England, explaining to his own countrymen the wants and history of his adopted race. And Sir George Grey has left his government — perhaps not to return. He has left it escorted by the prayers and blessings of thousands, whom he has seen raised, mainly through his own judgment and perseverance, from barbarism to civilization. No man in our day, perhaps in any day, has accomplished such a task. And yet it is not to the governor that these simple and cordial people bring the homage of their attachment, but to the man. It is the charm of sympathy which has won them — the charm of his own deep and somewhat enthusiastic affection for the race which he knows so well and has served so truly. In the words of a poetical farewell to him, from the natives of Otaki, which lies before us :

Thy love came first, not mine :
Thou didst first behold
With favor and regard
The meanness of our race :
Hence it is that the heart o'erflows.*

* It was not only for his paternal government that Sir George Grey had an especial claim to this poetical tribute, for it is to him that the natives are indebted for the preservation of their old national songs. He published at New Zealand, in 1853,

He may now depart in peace ; his part is played out, and room is made for the exertions of new performers. Whatever judgment may be passed on other points of Governor Grey's diversified administration — and it is his fortune to have singularly able as well as hostile critics, both here and in his own islands — the present age must needs do him justice as the founder of Maori civilization ; and we fervently hope that posterity may crown the judgment by pointing to the permanence of his work.

NOTE.—With reference to a statement at p. 84 of our former article on this subject, respecting the licensing of houses for the sale of spirits at the Sandwich Islands, under the British Commission of Government, in 1843, we have been since informed by one of the Commissioners that the licensees were expressly prohibited from selling spirits to natives. Our statement was taken from the account of Alexander Simpson, Secretary to the Commission, which omits to mention this circumstance.

a considerable octavo volume of Maori verse, which he had diligently gleaned, for seven years, in all parts of the islands. "The most favorable time," he states in his preface, "for collecting these poems, was at the great meetings of the people upon public affairs, when their chiefs and more eloquent orators addressed them. On those occasions, according to the custom of the nation, the most effective speeches were principally made up from recitations of portions of ancient poems."

Paris Universal Exhibition of 1855.—Almost all the chief seats of manufacturing industry have reported to the department of Science and Art the formation of local trade committees to promote the Paris Exhibition. Effective committees have been organized at Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Coventry, Macclesfield, the Potteries, Trowbridge, Belfast, Dublin, Glasgow, Paisley, Dundee, Arbroath, Aberdeen, Dunfermline, etc. Manchester is to hold its meeting this week. The Council of the Civil Engineers has addressed a strong letter to its members, urging their co-operation. The Royal Agricultural Society has formed a special committee. The Corporation of Liverpool, it is said, is preparing to exhibit illustrations of its shipping in all its branches. Additional committees of trade, to those already reported, have been formed in the metropolis for general metal working, saddlery and harness, leather dressing, carriages, printing, bookbinding, clothing, boots and shoes, paper making, chemical manufactures, cutlery and gun making, so that there appears every promise of a complete and effective display in Paris. We understand that, in accordance with its wishes, a report will be made to the Imperial Commission, as soon as possible after the first of August, of the total space likely to be wanted for exhibiting the industry of the United Kingdom ; and all those who purpose exhibiting should

send their demands before that date, or they will be liable to exclusion. In respect of the representation of the fine arts, the committees for painting, architecture and sculpture have held meetings ; and, we believe, the regulations on which artists are to be invited, which they have recommended to the Board of Trade, will be issued forthwith.

The Wife's Manual ; or Prayers, Thoughts, and Songs on several occasions of a Matron's Life. By the Rev. W. Calvert, M. A., Rector of St. Antholin's, and one of the Minor Canons of St. Paul's. — A series of Poems on the incidents and feelings of married life, from the wedding-day till death. Considered strictly, there may be a want of consistency in some of the topics in order to embrace all the events of marriage — as an affectionate, an estranged husband ; and the pieces are sometimes as much religious as domestic or hymeneal. Poetry they hardly reach, except occasionally when the subject is poetical in itself, — as the verses on the death of a little daughter. But the *Wife's Manual* is an elegant production : tender and pious in sentiment, close and expressive in style, and the verse quite equal to the great bulk of the religious poetry which takes a permanent place in our national collections. — *Spectator*.

From the Times.

THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

ON the 18th July, a monument was raised to the memory of this great humorist and poet, and Mr. Monckton Milnes delivered an address upon the occasion. It was to the following effect : —

"I have been asked to come here today to say a few words before we open to your view the monument which has been erected to his memory. It is now some years since we laid our friend below us in this pleasant place, where he rests after a long illness—after a life of noble struggle with much adversity, and of nothing but good to his fellow men. It is now thought advisable that a few words should be said before that ceremony takes place. It is rather a habit of our neighbors the French than of ourselves, to make eulogistic orations at the tombs of our friends. I do not think the habit in general is pleasing to our taste ; but there are reasons why, on the present occasion, it may not be unbecoming. At the same time, it is very difficult to perform this duty, because we must feel that, if ever there was a character of simplicity and humility, it was that of the late Mr. Thomas Hood ; and it would not become us, on the present occasion, to indulge in eulogies which, if he were here himself, would be distasteful to him ; for he was a man who ever retired from the crowd, and who loved, as he has said in his own classical and beautiful language :

To kneel remote upon the simple sod,
And sue, in *formâ pauperis*, to God.

Our German friends call a cemetery of this kind, "God's field," and we must not desecrate it by vain and pompous eulogies over a fellow-mortal. All we can do is to commit him, with all his errors, to the mercy of God, and at the same time to keep his memory dear and his fame bright among us. This is the purpose of the friends of Mr. Thomas Hood who have raised this structure. Some of them were familiar with him from his youth—the eyes of others never lit upon his person. It would be invidious to single out any of these friends of the poet ; but I may mention the name of one lady who is well known to us all, Miss Eliza Cook, to whose exertions, in all quarters of society, the erection of this monument is very much owing. Some, too, have contributed to it who did not appreciate him during his lifetime—to them may be applicable his beautiful lines :

Farewell ; we did not know thy worth ;
But thou art gone, and now 'tis prized.
So angels walked unknown on earth,
But when they flew were recognized.

He was a poet—a poet in the true sense of

the word ; but at the same time, I by no means think that his poetical powers were of so great and remarkable a character that his reputation would have become such as it is if it had been confined to his poetical works alone. By his poetical works, I mean those developments of pure imagination, which are more interesting to literary men than they can be to the world in general. In all these works we recognize not only the lyrical facilities which enable many a youth to throw out good poetry ; but the refined taste and cultivated mind of mature years. But his fame—that for which he is chiefly known to us—belongs to him as an English humorist ; and in using that word, I use no word inapplicable to the occasion or unworthy of his fame. It is the boast of our literature, as distinguished from that of all other nations, that from the earliest times of its history we find humoristic writers who delighted the age in which they lived and those which succeeded them. In that category we may place Shakspeare himself, and we may draw, downwards, a long genealogical list of humorists, ending with the names of Charles Lamb, Sydney Smith, and Thomas Hood. I do not know whether my opinions in this matter may be peculiar ; but I have often thought that if I were to pray to Heaven for a gift to be given to any person in whose moral and intellectual welfare I was especially interested, it would be that he might have the gift of humor. The gift of humor is, as it were, the balance of all the faculties. It enables a man to see the strong contrasts of life around him ; it prevents him being too much devoted to his own knowledge, and too proud of his own imagination, and it also disposes him to submit, with a wise and pious patience, to the vicissitudes of his daily existence. It is thus that humorists, such as Hood has been, and as Dickens is now, are great benefactors of our species, not only on account of the amusement which they give us, but because they are great moral teachers. The humorous writings of Mr. Thomas Hood have instructed you many years, and will instruct your children after you. I should mention, however, that this combination of poetry and humor does not produce, in all persons, the same blessed effects that it has produced here. In some cases it has degenerated into impatient satire and fierce revolt against the better feelings of humanity. In such a mind as that of Swift, it produced these evil effects ; but in such a mind as Hood's, it produced directly the contrary : it generated a noble and generous sympathy with the wants and desires of his fellow-creatures ; and it is for this combination of poetical genius and humor and earnest philanthropy, that his name has grown up to become, as it were, a proverb for great wit united with deep and solemn sympathies. We recognize, ladies and gentlemen, these rare

merits of Mr. Thomas Hood, in the productions of his mature life, such as "the Bridge of Sighs," and "the Song of the Shirt,"—verses which appear occasionally, and only occasionally, in literature, and which seem like products of the acmè of the human mind—such products as the prison-song of Love-lace, the elegy of Gray, the sea-songs of Campbell, "the Burial of Sir John Moore," and the "May Queen" of Alfred Tennyson—poems which, though they cost their authors much less trouble than many of their less successful works, are, nevertheless, the anchors (so to speak) of their world-wide fame. These beautiful poems of Mr. Thomas Hood have had a deep moral effect on different classes of society. If there are among those poems and others of Mr. Thomas Hood, some expressions of stern indignation—if there are some passages which may seem almost exceptions to the general amiability of his character, it is that he wished to enforce the moral, that

Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.

I do not think, therefore, that there was any levity in his character because he was an humorist. I do not think because you find in his works that with his rich wit and his great possessions of language he delighted to play with words as if almost they were fireworks, there was a want of gravity or seriousness in his composition. In a poem of his which is a perfect *repertorium* of wit and spirit, he seems conscious of this himself, for he writes to the effect that—

However critics may take offence,
A double meaning gives double sense.

And there are, no doubt, certain subtle faculties about us which enables us to find such great pleasure in the combination of this agility of diction with seriousness of purpose. Ladies and gentlemen who have raised this monument, I was informed by a friend of mine, and a dear friend of his, who remained with him to the last—Mr. Ward—that Mr. Thomas Hood was in very great disease and suffering, that he was laboring under some pecuniary difficulties—that his mind was not easy on those points, and that it would be a great relief to him to obtain some assistance, if he could do so by any honorable means, for he was determined to employ no other. I went on that occasion to Sir R. Peel, from whom I met with the most perfect sympathy as regarded the object I had in view; and it was to me a most interesting fact that that great man, governing the destinies of this mighty nation, and engaged as he was in the gravest pursuits, could nevertheless be drawn, by the force of human sympathy, to take a deep interest in

this simple man of letters. What was done on that occasion was sufficient for the purpose. I will ask you, therefore, in looking upon this bust, to regard it as a memorial not only of the interest of his friends, but as a memorial of national interest for a national name. It consists, as you perceive, of a plain bust upon a pedestal. I have always thought that a man's bust is the best monument which could be raised to him; it is that which is most calculated to show people who come after him what he really was, and it is less dumb and less vacant than the monuments which we see mostly around us. It is perfectly true that, generally speaking, we find that busts represent the dead when we could wish they represented the living; it is perfectly true, also, that in our everyday walk among living busts we see men of genius, whom we do not recognize and whose services and virtues we do not honor; and after all this may, perhaps, be but a poor acknowledgment of the worth of the poet and humorist; but still here it is, and we have raised it, and I trust all will feel that in so doing we have not done honor to him, but to ourselves. I remember that at the time of his fatal illness I was very much haunted with the recollection of some lines of his, which, I dare say, some of you remember. They are contained in a little poem called *The Deathbed*—

We watch'd her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

Thomas Hood has now another morn than ours—may that morn have brightened into perfect day! May his spirit look down with gratification upon us who have raised this modest homage to him—may he look down with pleasure on these he has left behind him, and who inherit his honor and his name—and may we all bear home with us the consoling reflection, that the fame of which a wise and honest man should be ambitious is not that of acquiring wealth, power, or even earning clamorous applause, but the attaining of such homage as we are now paying to one who among us was

a brother and a friend—one who may make us at the same time thankful to the age in which it has pleased Providence to cast our lot, and grateful to the race and country of which we are common citizens and men."

The monument consists of a large bronze bust of Hood, elevated on a handsome pedestal of polished red granite. On a slab beneath the bust is his own self-inscribed epitaph—"He sang 'The Song of the Shirt';" and upon the projecting front of the pedestal the inscription is carved—"In memory of Thomas

Hood, born 23d of May, 1798; died 3d of May, 1845: erected by public subscription A. D. 1854." On the sides of the pedestal are medallions illustrating the "Bridge of Sighs" and "the Dream of Eugene Aram." The monument is the work of Mr. Matthew Noble. It is simple in design, and correctly executed, and looks well in the midst of the medley of monuments with which Kensal-green is filling. But, independently of any consideration of that kind, this must ever be one of the chief treasures of the place.

From The Economist, 15 July.

THE ASPECT OF WARLIKE AFFAIRS.

THE electric telegraph, instead of being a blessing, is really almost a nuisance. In place of adding to our knowledge, it only complicates our ignorance. Now it transmits information so fragmentary as to be utterly incomprehensible. Now it forwards statements which are simply premature; now statements which are utterly unfounded. Now it anticipates official despatches by some days or weeks; now, again, it sends, with every appearance of haste, novelty, and importance, details of events which we gradually discover to be only some antiquated story—a cold *réchauffé* of transactions nearly a month old. What with anticipations, contradictions, re-assertions, and repetitions, every one becomes perfectly bewildered; and in these days of rapid posts and instantaneous communications, we begin to think that we must wait for any real understanding of the course of events for the weekly *resumé*, the quarterly reviews, or even for the annual register.

The circumstances of the war and the information transmitted from the seat of war are by degrees enabling us to gain some comprehension of the past, but do not enlighten us much as to the probabilities of the future. We know now why Gallipoli was chosen as the first spot for the debarkation of the French contingent: it was the nearest port whence Adrianople could be reached, and Adrianople is the most important strategic position south of the Balkan, and the one which it was most essential to possess and fortify in case the invaders had succeeded in penetrating far into the country; which, when the troops were despatched from Toulon, appeared far from improbable. We know now why the English contingent was landed at Scutari: there were barracks ready for them there, and they would thus be within a few hours' sail of Varna, where it seemed likely they would be wanted, and whither they could be despatched with little delay as soon as preparations in the way of food and shelter had been made for their reception. We can understand, too, the simultaneous advance and retreat of the Russians—their retirement eastward from Kalafat, and their inroad into the Dobrudscha. We see now that both were defensive measures: they had begun to misdoubt Austrian neutrality, and they desired to concentrate

their forces in the neighborhood of fortresses which they might seize and of a line of retreat which they might secure. We have learned, also, that the extraordinary slow movements both of the invaders and the allies are to be accounted for in a great measure by the same cause—viz, the insuperable difficulty in the way of finding means of conveyance for artillery and stores. It appears now that they will have even to draw upon Asia for a sufficiency of beasts of draught and burden. Finally, the prompt retrograde movement of the Russians on a defensible line far to the northward of their recent scene of operations, inexplicable if regarded as the consequence merely of their failure before Silistria, becomes intelligible enough when considered in reference to the supposed appearance of a new enemy in the field, who, if really disposed for vigorous and effective hostilities, might easily take them in the rear, cut off their communications with home, and ensure their total destruction or surrender.

So much for the past, which has become considerably clearer. The present and the future are still dark, and seem to grow darker with each succeeding piece of information which the telegraph or "our own correspondents" transmit from day to day. A fortnight ago we were told that a peremptory demand for the evacuation of the Principalities had been sent from Vienna to St. Petersburg; that the answer, if not formally given, was virtually known; that the Austrians were sending steamer after steamer full of troops to Orsova, to Widdin, to Giurgevo, and would occupy the Principalities immediately; and that the Russians were retiring to the Sereth, removing their head-quarters to Jassy, in Moldavia, and concentrating themselves on that frontier to meet their new antagonist. This week we are informed that all this is, if not unfounded, at least premature; that no decided answer will be received from the Czar for a fortnight; that autograph letters and counter-propositions are sent instead; that the Russians will not evacuate Wallachia, and are concentrating round Bucharest; and that "the Austrian troops will not pass the frontier." Everything seems again involved in the uncertainty from which it was just emerging. It looks very much as if the Czar was resorting to his old policy, of writing, proposing, and protocolling, in order to gain time,—and as if Austria were permitting him to do so.

All this may, it is true, be mere appearance. The Czar may know very well what he has to expect, and the Emperor Francis Joseph may have made up his mind precisely what he means to do. He may be merely waiting to advance and come into collision with his former savior till his new allies have crossed the Danube and are prepared to support him. Still we do not quite understand why he should concentrate his troops at Orsova, two hundred miles from Bucharest, the nearest Russian post, instead of availing himself of those he possesses near Hermanstadt and Cronstadt, to pour down upon the Russian rear and flank, and bring matters to a crisis. But probably the commanders of the allied forces comprehend Austrian plans and tactics better than we can do; and we are well aware that, in military operations, to criticise at a distance is nearly always to criticise in the dark. We will, therefore, only draw attention to one point—the vital importance, namely, of knowing without any further delay what active aid from Austria can be counted upon, in order that we may be able to ascertain what the Anglo-French army can do and may attempt, and whether any more detachments will be needed.

We must not forget that the original meaning and object of the war has undergone considerable change. We have not only now to drive the invaders out of the Turkish territory—if that were all, probably the forces of Turkey and of the Western Powers combined might suffice for success in this campaign without Austrian aid—though, as we have observed, in countries where means of transport are so inadequate and roads so few and bad, it is more easy to repel an invader, than to expel him when you have to march two hundred miles through an exhausted territory to get at him. But we have also to cripple Russia, and to compel her to come to terms, or so to damage her as to make her stubbornness comparatively unimportant. Now, for either purpose, it is essential that the Anglo-French army in the East should be set free for other enterprises, or that another army should be sent to undertake them. A glance at the map will show how enormously difficult it will be either to expel the Russians from their position on the Sereth and the Lower Danube, or to provide for the comforts, sustenance, or reinforcements of our own troops, unless we have, and keep, the command of the Black Sea. That command we have now, and shall have during the summer months; but without the possession of Sebastopol (or at least the entire destruction of the Russian fleet harbored there), we cannot, as is well known, keep it beyond the end of October. The events of last winter and spring proved this amply. There is not in the whole Black Sea a single port except Sebastopol where our ships could shelter or be safely stationed. Sinope is quite open to the north and east; Odessa will only accommodate a few vessels of large size (and Odessa, moreover, is not yet ours); and the only other port (and that lies on the Asiatic coast) can only admit frigates and smaller ships. Unless, therefore, Sebastopol is ours before October, our fleets must pass next winter as they passed the last,

ignominiously at anchor in the Bosphorus, exposed to the shame and mortification of hearing that every fine day the Russian ships have issued from their fastness and reinforced or virtualised their troops, while we could do nothing to aid ours. We believe we do not in the least exaggerate the case. If there be a single harbor in the Black Sea where our fleets could ride in safety during the winter, and be at hand to succor our land forces, except the great port of the Crimea, it has not yet been discovered or made public. Now, to enable us to take that port—if indeed it be not impregnable—our troops now at Varna and Adrianople must be set at liberty by Austria undertaking *bona fide* to do their work, or all hope of this must be at once abandoned, and fresh forces must be immediately embarked for the Crimea. We wish we could see any flaw in our argument; but at present we do not. The destruction of Cronstadt is no doubt important, and would be a brilliant and glorious exploit; but it would need that and more to gild over to the world or to the British public the deplorable necessity of allowing our Eastern fleet to pass another inactive and inglorious winter in the comfortable security of the Golden Horn.

All private accounts and published descriptions concur in representing Cronstadt, not as impregnable perhaps, but as only assailable at an awful sacrifice of life and treasure. Some surveying steamers have lately reached to within two thousand yards of the outer fort, and returned with confirmed impressions of the formidable nature of the task before them. It is admitted on all hands that the only method of managing the enterprise would be by destroying or taking the forts one by one. But there is no real night in those latitudes during the open months, therefore there can be no surprises; the case is not one for boat service, since ships cannot approach near enough to support their boats; large vessels cannot come within two miles of the forts, therefore their broadsides could not produce much effect on stone walls, and the lower tiers of guns could not be elevated sufficiently to be brought to bear on such distant objects; the guns of steamers and vessels of smaller draught would not be powerful or numerous enough for the massive fortifications they would have to batter down and to face the fire of; and, finally, as all the batteries are casemated, shells would probably be harmless. And even if all these difficulties were overcome, and Cronstadt were reduced to ashes, St. Petersburg would most likely be protected by the shoal water which surrounds it,—the inside sea being nowhere more than four fathoms, and generally not more than two deep. Of course we feel perfectly satisfied that whatever skill and valor can do will be done by Sir Charles Napier in the Baltic; but we confess we should have preferred a concentration of our forces and a transference of desperate and daring enterprise to another quarter where brilliant success is probably much more attainable and certainly far more needed. If Sebastopol were taken, Asia as well as Europe would be won;—a triumph in the Gulf of Finland would be scarcely heard of in Persia or Affghanistan.

THE PROUDEST LADY.

THE Queen is proud on her throne,
And proud are her Maids so fine;
But the proudest lady that ever was known
Is a little lady of mine.
And oh! she flouts me, she flouts me,
And spurns and scorns and scouts me;
Though I drop on my knee and sue for grace,
And beg and beseech, with the saddest face,
Still ever the same she doubts me.

She is seven, by the kalendar—
A lily's almost as tall,
But oh! this little lady's by far
The proudest lady of all.
It's her sport and pleasure to flout me,
To spurn and scorn and scout me:
But ah! I've a notion it's naught but play,—
And that say what she will and feign what
she may,
She can't well do without me!

When she rides on her nag away,
By park and road and river,
In a little hat, so jaunty and gay,
Oh! then she's prouder than ever!
And oh! what faces, what faces!
What petulant, pert grimaces!
Why the very pony prances and winks,
And tosses his head and plainly thinks
He may ape her airs and graces.

But at times, like a pleasant tune,
A sweeter mood o'er takes her;
Oh! then she's sunny as skies of June,
And all her pride forsakes her.
Oh! she dances round me so fairly!
Oh! her laugh rings out so rarely!
Oh! she coaxes and nestles and purrs and
pries
In my puzzled face with her two great eyes,
And says, "I love you dearly!"

Oh! the Queen is proud on her throne,
And proud are her Maids so fine;
But the proudest lady that ever was known
Is this little lady of mine.
Good lack! she flouts me, she flouts me,
And spurns and scorns and scouts me;
But ah! I've a notion it's naught but play,—
And that say what she will and feign what
she may,
She can't well do without me!

T. WESTWOOD.

Athenæum.

CHINESE CURRENCY.

THE CANTON MINT AND THE PILLAR DOLLAR.

THOSE who are best acquainted with the trade of the East, best know the singular preference which the Chinese people have always shown, and continue to the present day to show, for the old Carolus pillar dollar. In this passion they have defied all principle of self-interest and of intrinsic value. In vain it has been shown that the

modern Mexican dollar is to the full of equal value, that it contains as much pure silver, that so far as coinage goes it is a more perfect manufacture—in spite of all, the Chinese have to this day persisted in receiving the Carolus pillar dollar at 10, 15, and even 20 per cent. higher value than the Mexican dollar, and in the same proportion, or even greater, than British silver or Indian rupees. At Shanghai, at one period last year, the Carolus dollar, the intrinsic value of which is 4s 2d, was worth 7s 8d. This preference of the Chinese for this special coin has led to its being collected from every other part of the world for that market. The countries in the Mediterranean where this coin formerly was the chief currency, have been almost entirely swept of it for the East. The difficulty, therefore, which has attended the trade of China has been, that with a constantly increasing demand for this coin, the market of supply was rapidly becoming exhausted.

At length, however, the ingenuity of the Chinese seems to have discovered a solution to this growing and increasing difficulty. A mint has been established at Canton for coining Carolus pillar dollars of a date of 1778. And although, no doubt, in one respect it is a fraud to coin a foreign coin of the last century and of a king long since gathered to his fathers, yet in respect to real intrinsic quality there is no fraud. In every respect the Chinese Carolus pillar dollar is as much like the real dollar of Carolus the III. as those dollars are like each other. In intrinsic quality they are precisely the same. It is true the keen eye of the China Schroff is alive to the distinction, and we understand they only take them at 10 per cent. discount upon the real ancient dollar. This difference, however, is likely soon to disappear, and it is probable that this mint will prove the solution of all the currency difficulties of the East, and will lead to different coins being accepted at their real intrinsic value in pure silver, in place of the arbitrary rates which they now command. If so, the Canton mint will exercise a powerful influence over the whole financial transactions of the East.—*Economist*.

PROPOSED CHANGES IN INLAND CONVEYANCE.—It is a somewhat curious coincidence that, at the very juncture when companies are making a merit of using iron sleepers, as well as of adding to the strength of their rails, a project should be submitted for public consideration by which iron is to be banished from railway construction. According to Mr. Daff's prospectus of his infant invention, not only are sleepers to continue to be made of wood, but wheels, axles, springs, and all their complexities and combinations, are to be abolished, and carriages made to glide by a glass groove upon a tri-edged wooden rail. This, however, is a mere adjunct to the invention itself, the chief innovation of which consists in making the engine-wheels of brass, and strongly coating them with vulcanized India rubber, the tenacity of which is strikingly exemplified on the model, on which they remain stationary at any gradient, even 1 in 8.—*Railway Times*.

From Chambers's Journal.

CUSTOMS AND MANNERS UNDER THE WATER.

SCIENCE has become intimate with animal life on the land—even with those creatures that are too minute to be seen with the naked eye; but, till recently, the ocean appeared to baffle its researches, and in its turn to say to man in the hollow and mysterious voice that threatens as well as charms: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther!" But all was in vain. Science, which explores the further heavens, was not to be arrested in its progress by the waters; and moving steadily onwards in this new direction, it has now invaded the depths of the sea, and examined, with its calm, observant eye, the forms and manners of its inhabitants. This has not been accomplished by means of perilous adventure—and, indeed, no perilous adventure could have achieved the feat. The French zoologist who proposed, some time ago, to pay a domestic visit to the fishes of the Mediterranean, provided with a water-tight dress and a breathing-tube, would have come back doubtless well able to furnish a pleasing superficial sketch, but quite ignorant of those minute details of individual life which form the materials of natural history.

This is well illustrated in a beautiful little work now before us, in which the author declares that the records of animals which form the foundation of all our correct generalization, are strictly biographical.* He traces an idiosyncrasy in the lower orders of creation somewhat akin to that of man; remarking that the shepherd recognizes every sheep of his flock by its face—that the groom is a physiognomist in horses—and that he himself comprehends the expression of birds. By this alone he was able, while in Jamaica, to tell one from another the wild doves in his cages, although they were perfectly alike in color. "Shakspeare and Scott," adds Mr. Gosse, "who treat of man as an individual, are not inferior, in their walk of science, to Reid and Stewart, who describe him as a species."

To visit the inhabitants of the sea, in the constrained manner that would have been compulsory in a being formed like man, would have been of little use as regards biographical details. What, then, was to be done? To bring them to us, to be sure, since we could not go comfortably to them—to have them up in a witness-box and make them give an account of themselves. But it was necessary to do this in a particular way, for fish are no more at their ease out of the water, than we are under it; it was necessary to bring a portion of their element with them, and to have all their little comforts about them, such as stones, sand, mud, and marine-plants; it was necessary, in short, for the purposes of science, to have a *piece of the sea* laid upon our table: and, being necessary, this was done. The principle upon which the Aquarium is constructed—the mutual dependance of animal and vegetable life, the former supplying the carbonic acid essential

to the latter, and the latter the oxygen essential to the former—is already known to our readers; and we have only to add, that the desired portion of the sea, with its animals, plants, rocks, and sand, is contained in a glass tank, and that thus the philosopher has nothing to do but to sit down in his night-gown and slippers, and watch the goings on, and pry into the family secrets—using his lens when necessary—of the inhabitants of the deep.

To preserve the transparency of the tank would seem a difficult matter, from the floating myriads of spores or seeds of the algæ that are constantly finding a resting-place on the glass, and trying to curtain the whole from the water's edge to the bottom. To avert this danger, we employ a couple of little slaves, the common periwink, and as common top (*Trochus*); and these creatures go constantly about, shearing away the tender growth of vegetation as soon as it is formed, and taking the crop in lieu of wages. Mr. Gosse watched, through his pocket-lens, a top at his work; and this was the *modus operandi*: "At very regular intervals, the proboscis—a tube with thick fleshy walls—is rapidly turned inside out to a certain extent, until a surface is brought into contact with the glass having a silky lustre: this is the tongue. It is moved with a short sweep, and then the tubular proboscis infolds its walls again, the tongue disappearing, and every filament of conferva being carried up into the interior from the little area which had been swept. The next instant—the foot meanwhile having made a small advance—the proboscis unfolds again, the tongue makes another sweep, and again the whole is withdrawn; and this proceeds with great regularity. I can compare the action to nothing so well as to the manner in which the tongue of an ox licks up the grass of the field, or to the action of a mower cutting down swath after swath as he marches along. The tongue with which the confervoid plants are swept away is a curious instrument: "It is, in reality, an excessively delicate ribbon of transparent cartilaginous substance or membrane, on which are set spinous teeth of glassy texture and brilliancy. They are perfectly regular, and arranged in three rows, of which the middle ones are three-pointed, while in each of the outer rows, a three-pointed tooth alternates with a larger curved one, somewhat boat-like in form. All the teeth project from the surface of the tongue in hooked curves, and all point in the same direction. The action of this sort of tongue is that of a rasp, the projecting teeth abrading the surface of the plants on which the animal feeds, just as the lion is said to act with the horny pupillæ of his tongue on the flesh of his victim."

Among the strange animals described by our author as inhabiting his Aquarium, is the cephalopod called the *Sepiolo vulgaris*; a curious little creature, which, when first taken from its native haunts, betrays much agitation, but finally suspends itself in mid water, "like a brown moth hovering over a flower," with its protuberant eyes gazing on either side. "While thus hovering motionless in the water, the sepia presents a fair opportunity for observing its curious transitions of color, which are great and sudden. We can

* The Aquarium: an Unveiling of the Wonders of the Deep Sea. By Philip Henry Gosse, A. L. S., &c. London: John Van Voorst, 1854.

scarcely assign any hue proper to it. Now it is nearly white, or pellucid, with a faint band of brown specks along the back, through which the internal viscera glisten like silver; in an instant the specks become spots, that come and go, and change their dimensions and their forms, and appear and disappear momentarily. The whole body—arms, fins, and all—the parts which before appeared free, display the spots, which, when looked at attentively, are seen to play about in the most singular manner, having the appearance of a colored fluid, injected with constantly varying force into cavities in the substance of the skin, of ever-changing dimensions. Now the spots become rings, like the markings of a panther's skin; and as the little creature moves slightly, either side beneath the fin is seen to glow with metallic lustre, like that of gold-leaf seen through horn. Again the rings unite and coalesce, and form a beautiful netted pattern of brown; which color increasing, leaves the interspaces a series of white spots on the rich dark ground. These and other phases are every instant interchanging, and passing suddenly and momentarily into each other with the utmost irregularity. But here is a change! One is hovering in quiescence, his color pale, almost white; one of his fellows shoots along just over him: with the quickness of thought, the alarmed creature turns from white to a uniform deep brown, the rich full color suffusing the skin in a second, like a blush on a young maiden's face. The hue is very beautiful; it is the fine, deep sienna-tint of tortoise-shell; a substance which, indeed, the mingling clouds of brown and pellucid horn closely resemble in the intermediate phases of color.

The Black Goby is a ferocious little cannibal, about three inches long. Like other robbers and murderers, he loves the dark, lurking at the bottom under the shelter of rocks and weeds. If very hungry, however, he will dart up even to the surface to seize his prey; but turning instantly, he will dive down again into his lair. A youngster of the same tribe, but of a different family, was put into the tank, and unfortunately caught the eye of the skulking goby, who at once made a dash at him, and caught him by the tail, ingulging it in his capacious throat. "The Blackie glared like a demon, as with dilated head, he held fast his victim, clutching further and further holds by repeated jerks: the delicate pellucid head of the unfortunate prey, projecting from the cavernous mouth, panted and rolled its eyes in pain, but there was no escape; for now nothing was visible but the head, when the ferocious victor shot under an umbrageous weed, and on my next sight of him all trace of his meal was gone."

Among the denizens of the Aquarium was rather a rare animal, the strawberry-crab, so called from its being studded with pink tubercles on a white ground; and between this creature and the orang-outang, Mr. Gosse traces a somewhat striking analogy. "The straw-berry crab," says he, "is a climber. If it were a terrestrial animal, I should say its habits are arboreal. True, it now and then wanders over the bottom of its globe with slow and painful march, the hind-feet held up at an angle above the level of the back; but generally it seeks an elevated position.

We usually see it in the morning perched on the summit of some one of the more bushy weeds in the Aquarium, as the *Chondrus* or *Phyllophora rubens*, where it has taken its station during the night, the season of its chief activity, as of most other crustacea. It interested me much to see it climb: seizing the twigs above it by stretching out its long arms alternately, it dragged up its body from branch to branch, mounting to the top of the plant deliberately, but with ease. While watching it, I was strongly reminded of the orang-outang at the Zoological Gardens: the manner in which each of these very dissimilar animals performed the same feat was so closely alike as to create an agreeable feeling of surprise."

Every page of this fascinating work is quotable; but perhaps nothing will be read with more pleasure than the account of the *Aphrodite*, or sea-mouse. "In the Aquarium the sea-mouse crawls restlessly to and fro, and round the margin of the bottom; once or twice I have seen it essay to burrow under the fine gravel, but generally it lives exposed. It is uninteresting in its manners, though the brilliance of its changing colors will always attract admiration. Perhaps it is most beautiful by candle-light, when red and orange reflections predominate; by day, pearly greens and blues prevail. This difference is owing to the position of the light, and the angle at which it is reflected. Thus, if the eye glance along the bristles towards the light, which is reflected at an obtuse angle, the reflected rays will be lilac, passing into ultramarine; if the angle of reflection be a right angle, the rays will be green; if the light be between the observer and the animal—not directly, but obliquely, so as to make the angle of reflection more or less acute—the reflections will take yellow, orange, scarlet, and crimson hues."

The most curious part of the sea-mouse is the expiratory machinery. "As it crawls, the *Aphrodite* usually elevates the tail, which is so folded together as to form a deep groove beneath. By watching this, we see now and then ejected a stream of water, with considerable force. I found that the jet occurred once in twenty-five seconds, with punctual regularity. This is a respiratory act. The grooved orifice through which the jet is poured is not the termination of the intestine, as we may at first suppose, but the exit of a capacious chamber, which is external to the body, though concealed. A very marvellous and quite unparalleled structure here comes into view. If we take a sea-mouse into our hand, we see the whole breadth of the back occupied by a woolly substance, closely resembling felt, and formed by the interlacing of fine hairs. If we insert a pen-knife into the tail-groove, and slit up this felt-like cover, we expose an ample cavity running the whole length of the animal, the floor of which is the true skin of the back, on which are set two rows of large overlapping plates, or membranous scales (*elytra*). The dense tissue of interwoven hair resembling felt acts as a filter for the water to be respired, straining off the earthly particles held in it, which thus accumulate in its substance, and impart that peculiar dirty appearance which it possesses. The scales, according

to Dr. Williams, are periodically elevated and depressed. In the former action, the water permeates the felt and fills the vacuum formed between them and the back. As soon as it is full, they collapse, and the filtered fluid, now deprived of its oxygen, is forcibly expelled at the anal groove."

Mr. Gosse throws much new light upon the manners of the soldier-crab, a creature destitute of the usual defensive armor of his tribe, but making up for the want by courage and address. He seizes upon any empty shell of suitable size, and makes it his habitation; and it is curious to observe him in the Aquarium becoming discontented with his house, and looking out for a new one. This process, however, has been frequently described; but it is less known that the soldier has generally a fellow-lodger inside, while the roof of his dwelling, the spire of the shell, is often the chosen abode of an anemone. This extraordinary creature is a parasite, although it has been known to exercise some volition in choosing its site. When displaced from a shell, it will plant itself on a stone by means of its suckers; but of its own good-will, it would always get upon the roof of another individual's wagon, and so enjoy the pleasure of being carried. The anemone resembles a tall, thick pillar surmounted by a fringe of tentacles, that wave gallantly at every motion of the Sinbad chosen for his porter by this Old Man of the Mountain. The companion who chums inside with the soldier is a worm—but we will allow our naturalist to introduce him: "While I was feeding one of my soldiers by giving him a fragment of cooked meat, which he, having seized with one claw, had transferred to the foot-jaws, and was munching, I saw protrude from between the body of the crab and the whole-shell, the head of a beautiful worm (*Nereis bilineata*), which rapidly glided out round the crab's right cheek, and, passing between the upper and lower foot jaws, seized the morsel of food, and retreating, forcibly dragged it from the crab's very mouth. I beheld this with amazement, admiring that, though the crab sought to recover his hold, he manifested not the least sign of anger at the actions of the worm. I had afterwards many opportunities of seeing this scene enacted over again; indeed, on every occasion that I fed the crab, and watched its eating, the worm appeared after a few mo-

ments, aware, probably, by the vibrations of its huge fellow-tenant's body, that feeding was going on. The mode and the place of the worm's appearance were the same in every case, and it invariably glided to the crab's mouth between the two left foot-jaws. I was surprised to observe what a cavern opened beneath the pointed head of the *Nereis* when it seized the morsel, and with what force comparatively large pieces were torn off and swallowed, and how firmly the throat-jaws held the piece when it would not yield. Occasionally, it was dragged quite away from the crab's jaws, and quickly carried into the recesses of the shell: sometimes, in this case, he put in one of his claws, and recovered his morsel; at others, he gave a sudden start at missing his grasp, which frightened the worm, and made it let go and retreat; but sometimes the latter made good his foray, and enjoyed his plunder in secret. The worm is itself a striking and even handsome animal; and there is in its colors and their distribution—two bright white lines running through the whole length on a light red ground—a curious similarity to the coloring of the crab." This worm, we may add, is much prized by fishermen as bait; and so commonly is it found in the companionship above described, that at Weymouth they always break the shells tenanted by the soldier-crab to look for it.

The common cockle one would think, has not much more facility of voluntary motion than the anemone; but in reality its gymnastic feats are of some note. The tuberculated cockle, however, the giant of the tribe, is quite a formidable vaulter; and when a number of them are thrown into a heap, they seem to defy the riot act. Our author once turned out some of these creatures into a dish, as he knew they liked the air sometimes; but by and when the family were quietly reading, an awful uproar commenced among them, as if a crowd of flint-stones were battling and rattling over one another. We must now have done, however; many of our readers will doubtless get the volume for themselves, and, independently of its other merits, they will find it a fitting ornament for the drawing-room table, on account of the gorgeous chromo-lithographs with which it is illustrated. Some will likewise find it important to be able to obtain in so agreeable a way, full instructions for forming a marine aquarium, with the cost of the different sizes.

From Chambers's Journal.

CHANGE FOR GOLD.

NO MAN knoweth me, whence I come, or who I am. My brother met me yesternoon, and brushed my shoulder; I looked into his eyes, and he into mine, and we walked on our diverse ways like strangers; my mother mourns her dear son yet, that died twelve years ago, and yet he lives, and has been in her company, and shaken friendly hands with her not six months back. My wife—who, since I married her, has become the widow of another man—I saw this very morn-

ing, beautiful, still beautiful; and with a word I could have crushed her heart and turned her brown hair gray. To myself, I seem to have two separate beings: my first existence still is in my every thought, and usurps heart and brain; my second self—my present—dwells in my frame alone, rules my mere outward action, and is loathsome and contemptible to my whole soul. I write this life for more than common eyes, for an end, too, I yet half dread to contemplate, so fearful, nay, so fatal, may be its consequences. But to the general reader, shocked at my strange narration, and disbelieving in its awful truth,

I would say: "Beware, lest *you*, too, suffer through a like unrest; beware, lest some foul fiend be tugging at *your* heart-strings, and leading you, satiate, from the broad highways of duty and honor, to that isolated place which I have reached at last, where lover and friend have forsaken me, and kinsmen stand afar off."

I was born in the far north: in Shardale, fairest valley in Westmoreland, guarded by the mountain genii, and quite secluded from the hum of men, my father built his home. His whole life long had been employed in commerce, and that so busily, he hardly had a thought apart from it: a prudent man, and well to do, such as had worship and honor in his native town of Liverpool, even to the statute length: an effigy in stone of my deceased parent is indeed painfully obvious in one of its public edifices. His neighbors thought him mad, who, at the green age of sixty-five, removed himself so suddenly to Shardale, and dug and stretched himself for ever in that living tomb. It may have been that the same wild whim and impulse which has cursed my every step, and ruined me at last, was latent in my father too, and came to light at that one single epoch.

His affairs were wound up in about a week; every tittle of his interest in the great firm of Branksome & Co., of which he was the head, disposed of; his connection with all his former associates entirely cut off; and never, to my knowledge, did he receive, or at least reply to, a single business communication of any sort or kind for the remaining five years of his life. He came from his city home a stern, almost morose old man; whom his family had never seen from breakfast time to dinner all his days, whose talk had been of stock, and whose thought had been of stock from youth to hoary age; and from the hour of his arrival in the valley, he never missed a meal with us, until his last sad illness; nor ever read a column of "Money Market" and "City Intelligence" again. He took myself (his eldest son James), and Charles, my brother—youths of twelve and eleven years of age—a mountain walk soon after sunrise throughout the summer, with a more sprightly step than ever left the Stock Exchange: his conversation was as that of a boy to boys, and that not gradually and induced, as might have been expected by a novel life, fresh air, and genial exercise—but at once; and so it remained for ever.

His heart expanded beneath the influence of those glorious scenes, as though it were a child's, and never had been dried and withered in the heat of bustling life, or blunted by the hardness of its fellows, or chipped away by contact with hard and bitter men's.

I look back on those mornings now with

the regret, almost despair, of a fallen angel. The one delight that is yet left me is to revisit those bright scenes again, to tread once more the summits of those hills, and see God make himself "the awful rose of dawn"—in solitude—a melancholy pleasure, that draws tears

To glad the withered thought, and clear the clouded brain.

Only on the tarn upon the mountain-top I dare not gaze—only where the old man and his two happy sons stood mirrored in the flood, I dare not stand. What hideous metamorphosis! what dreadful change should I not see hath fallen upon one of them!—worse than the mouldering bones and eyeless sockets that have long ere this replaced the stalwart form and the still radiant look of him I once called father.

My love for nature, though more or less at different times, is still the one steady desire of my soul; often rising to passion, it never has sunk to indifference; and of any thing or creature under heaven, I scarcely dare to say that much. My fickleness in other things, my fatal changefulness of heart exhibited itself first towards my darling sister. She had been away from all of us, for her health's sake, in Madeira, until we left Liverpool, but at Shardale we thought it safe that she should come home amongst us; and she did come—to her grave. So beautiful, so glorious a being my fancy never drew in dreams; that voice I do not think could be ever otherwise than gentle, that placid brow ever tortured to a frown: we all loved her from her first fairy kiss—for she was too delicate and fragile to be called woman—but I may truly say my love was doting. Ah! miles and miles of mountain by her pony's side have I walked on untiringly and gladly, leaving her an instant for some lofty peak, to see if there were view enough to tempt her thither, but else keeping as closely to her side as lover, loud with the poems she loved best—war-songs, the stormful roll of battle, were the favorite strains of that weak, loving girl—learned long and late to please her, full of the legends of each rock and tarn her ear delighted in, and ready to lay down limb and life at any time to serve her.

Our Ellen lived here but sixteen months before the death-flower blushed upon her cheek; she died, I say, in less than two years of our first meeting, and I was not beside her death-bed, though I was in the house, nor cared to hear her dying words, although the last prayer she uttered was for me. Never was that artless manner less kind to me than of old; never were those lips pressed unto mine less tenderly; but ice formed round my spirit from within, and numbed the grasp of my cold hand, and froze the tears that never

reached my eyes. I trust and hope that I was mad; I do most truly pray that it has been madness that through all my life has blighted friendship in its perfect bloom—that has made me eager and delighted with the first appearance of affection—the mere pleased look of chance acquaintances—but that has taken from me at different periods of my life as ardent intimates as a man could have—that has left me, at this present, a very, very few whom I have known a month ago, and shall have lost before the next; and that—I hope at no distant time—will cause my dying eyes to lack a hand to close them.

How I strove to overcome my hideous carelessness! what honeyed words did not I force my stubborn tongue to utter—what miserable and useless disguise did I not wear, in order to deceive the ear and eye of love! “Leave me, my dearest James,” said my poor sister, “leave me to the remembrance of what you were; it will sweeten the last few weeks I have to live, which your presence can but, alas! imbitter; and when I see you again, may it be in that blessed abode, wherein indifference can never enter, and pure eternal love hath no satiety.”

She took all blame upon herself and the caprice of her disease, affected to be pleased to be away from me, and uneasy at my approach. My dear mother and the rest never knew the sad truth, but implored of me with tears to be of good heart, and to bear patiently with this strange treatment. I do not doubt at all that Ellen's death was hastened by my fiendish and inhuman conduct. When I leant over her grave in Shardale church yard, night after night, as I have done, it was not love that led my restless feet—although I cherished every thought of her, as the nun clasps her crucifix to her heart, as soon as they became but memories—but rather the morbid feeling that brings the murderer to revisit the scene of his crime; and the winds about the yew tree seemed to murmur at my presence, and the stream that circles round the holy spot to grow angry as my shadow fell athwart it; and the very grass upon that hillock to make haste to rise, to efface the impress of my penitent knees.

Three years from this, my father's bones were laid in the same place; and truly it was strange how anxious he had been upon this point—that his final resting place should not be within hearing of the hurrying street, to add another unit to that sum of human corruption that at noonday festers in our towns. He left but little money—far less than had been expected—an income of £500 to my mother, and £200 a year apiece to each of his sons. She, with the utmost liberality, gave us an allowance of £100 per annum besides, during our stay at the university—whither,

to Trinity College, Cambridge, we went the next October.

I always used to fancy Charles was her pet boy, although she loved me very dearly, and proved it in a thousand ways; and that supposition of itself was quite sufficient to prevent the excess of affection on my own part which was always sure to end in cold indifference. My brother and myself were friendly, and never, to my recollection, had a single quarrel; but our tastes were quite dissimilar, and our lives at college diverged so greatly, that we never passed a day in either's company. He attached himself to a steady reading set; ate jam at breakfast; walked on the Trumpington Road; dined in hall without pudding; kept chapels regularly; was made a scholar in his second year; became king of a coterie, and puffed up with mathematical acquirement; and finally, caught a very high wranglership, from which his constitution was not strong enough to rally; and he is now a Don. I, on the contrary, knew everybody from the “Sims” (disciples of Simeon) to the “Fighting men;” was treasurer of the C.U. B.C.; a committee man on “the Drag;” president of “the union;” a member of “the Apostles;” scraped through my “little go;” crammed for the ordinary degree; and left college the most popular man of my time. I was principally indebted for all this to my intense desire to please, and high pressure of animal spirits; but I had great vivacity, and a warm and winning address. In whatsoever society I was thrown, I became one of them at once, because I could not help it, and not by any effort or compulsion. I had a better chance of being considered a wit than most men, inasmuch as I restricted myself to no subject whatever. In my mouth, blasphemy lost its sinfulness; coarseness, its vulgarity; and the sneer from my ever smiling lips, its bitterness; above all, I never said an ill-natured thing of any man, and always spoke affectionately of my acquaintances behind their backs. It was through these qualities that I became “a great brick,” and “the best hearted fellow breathing.”

I never cut a man at all, so never made an active foe, but “dropped” my nearest and my dearest friends in periods varying from one month to a year. I had therefore three sets of men, in my three university years, who had been in their seasons my intimates; who had confided to me their “young men's secrets,” their likes and dislikes, even their religion, or the want of it.

Their intercourse with me ran in this fashion: First, I was much enchanted with them; second, devotedly fond of them; third, on the most friendly terms with them; fourth, rather indifferent about them; fifth, exceedingly bored by them; sixth, vexed to death by their

approach—but always civil to them, and always smiling. I could no more help the change of feeling than account for it, but I was sensible of its injustice, and did what in me lay to make amends for it; with what success, let him who has attempted to affect affection, at any time, declare.

Even at college, however—the very place for such a man as I to gather friends—this fickleness had nearly ruined me. Clement, a fellow commoner, friend of my early days, was amongst my oldest acquaintances; an honest, hearty youth—rare qualities amongst the grade to which he belonged—whom I both dearly liked and respected. I felt the demon rising within me, but resisted him so stoutly, that he had to call the fiend of jealousy to aid his evil work. I was much too confident in my own powers to dread this last in general, but whenever I have felt a sting of his, ever so slightly, both jealousy and love have taken flight together. I could not bear a rival, even where rivalry on my own part must of necessity have been out of the question. If I had met a stranger in a railway carriage, whom I “took to,” as the phrase goes, and he had mentioned that his father or his brother was the dearest, or the most agreeable, or the wisest man he had ever seen, I am sure I should have felt annoyed. If comparisons are odious, superlative expressions are at least, one degree more so: “best,” “handsomest,” “cleverest chap I ever knew in my life,” are adjectives better diluted if applied to others than the persons we address. It was at my rooms that Clement had first met Lacy: I had introduced them to each other as kindred spirits, and imagined that I was still their principal bond of union; but I was soon undeceived. One evening, at supper-time, a letter was brought to the former by a special messenger, and he left the table instantly without a word. I could not well leave my guests, and I thought, besides, if there was any bad news from home, it would be better he should be by himself; but early next morning—at least early for me—I called at his rooms to see after him. I found him deadly pale, with Lacy, who had sat up with him all night, beside him. “Ah,” said he gaily, “I shan’t have many friends now, my dear Branksome, besides you and Francis.” He never had called me James. “I am almost ruined, and must change those ‘spangles,’ that you used to laugh so much about, for the pensioner’s gown.” Almost all his property, indeed, had gone in some great “smash” in the city, and he was obliged to descend from the high table and fellow commoner’s privileges. I congratulated him merrily upon “assuming the purple” of my own rank, and did what I could to comfort him; but the presence of Lacy put triple steel about my heart.

Poverty, sickness, reverses of any kind, I have the greatest pity for and sympathy with. I would infinitely rather insult a great man than a beggar; the last baseness that I would willingly commit, would be the desertion of a friend deprived of fortune or position. No-body can tell how hardly, how painfully, I strove to show that my regard for Clement was quite undiminished; how I thought by night and day upon what might be done for him, and used what influence I had to get him an appointment he wished for. But even as I write, my words grow cold and feeble; my heart could not go with him; and first affection, and then interest itself, began to flag and tire. His sensitiveness soon perceived this, and a letter, couched in the haughtiest language, forbade me from his rooms for ever. Then, indeed, it began to be whispered that Branksome cut his friends as soon as they ceased to be useful to him—was a hanger-on of the wealthy—a toad-eater—and everything else that was most abhorrent to my disposition. Only by the greatest efforts at pleasing, and by the most distorted accounts of our estrangement, could I reconcile myself to our common acquaintances. Still, as I said, I left college, popular; though, it is true, that popularity had been purchased by other means besides smiles and witticisms. I owed some heavy bills at Cambridge, and had borrowed a considerable sum of money; my mother, even if I had not been ashamed to ask her, was unable to assist me; my pride revolted against applying myself to any of my richer friends; and I spent my first graduate year at Shardale with a mind tormented by suspense and fear, haunted by the demon Debt, and unable to be soothed, as it was wont, by the contemplation and communion of nature.

At Wellingfirth, the nearest town to our lone valley, we had a large acquaintance. I myself, from a certain softness of manner and gentleness of nature, have always been welcome to female society; and in return, have preferred it to that of my own sex. Two ladies of this place were especially my favorites and confidantes: one exceedingly good looking; both young; and possessed of a sufficient independence. To do myself justice, this last matter never entered into my thoughts at all. I liked the wit, the nobleness of mind, the bold originality of the one, and the beauty and accomplishments of the other. We read together such plays as suited us, sang glees, and accompanied each other in music. People talked, as people will talk to the end of time—were sarcastic upon “Platonic attachments,” sympathies of thought, and such like—in short, the common place objections vulgar natures make to companionships they do not understand, were made. But Ellen was much too sensible to care for them, think-

ing as much of matrimony, indeed, as I of mathematics; and Lucy, not being talked about, but admitted into our society, as was said, only to "do propriety," fell in love, poor girl, with me.

I wonder why difference of sex should be conceived to be an insurmountable bar to the purest and most elevating friendships? I wonder why sympathy of thought and similarity of disposition should not exist between two people without the passion of love? I wonder whether those who decry such things, have any knowledge of love themselves at all, or whether they are not perhaps altogether of the earth, earthy? I preferred Ellen Newby to Lucy Ward; but I had not the faintest wish to marry either of them; nor was I the victim of the Newgate hero's mishap, who would have been so happy with either were t'other away. Had bigamy been permitted, I should have had quite as little desire to take advantage of that. Why should I have wished to make other use of those pleasant lips that so charmingly warbled my pet songs?—to press those fingers so well employed at the piano? It appears to me, indeed, once for all, that while a flirtation is but one degree above a Casino conversation, the intercourse I have been describing is of the least worldly, the least vicious, and the least false. I spoke to Ellen quite unreservedly on every point, with exception of my pecuniary embarrassments and habitual fickleness, and she was equally communicative to me. I say again, upon my soul, that whatever of good is yet left within me, whatever sorrow for sin, whatever endeavor after the right, I am indebted for, my dear, dear girl, after Heaven, to you. Oh, if you should set your eyes on these sad revelations, I know you will not ascribe them to unworthy motives. I know that if I came to you this day—as come I might, for but two streets divide us—and offered myself again to be your friend, you would not trust me, though I took Heaven to witness. I know too well how you would disbelieve, even if you did take me to your heart again, the possibility of reviving that dead joy—how infinitely worthier you hold a noble memory, than the re-enactment of a past pleasure. Were not these words your own once?—

Disinter no dead regret,
Bring no past to life again;
Those red cheeks with wo are white,
Those ripe lips are pale with pain.
Vex not thou the buried bliss,
Changed to more divine regret:
Sweet thoughts come from where it lies
Underneath the violet.

One morning, that I had intended to have spent with her in a congenial task of translation, I received a very alarming letter—no

less than a threat of arrest for a sum of £400,—incurred in borrowing £250,—in case of its not being paid within a certain early date. That date, through some mistake of the postman's, was already past, so that the writ might already be upon its way. If I was in a frame of mind for translating anything that day, it would have been, from choice, a certain poem of Dante's called the *Inferno*. I took my way to Wellingfirth, sorrowful indeed; I told a hundred specious fibs to explain away my depression to Ellen; but I might as well have tried to hoodwink Argus. "You owe money, and can't pay it, James," at last she said; "and you are proud about asking me to help you, as though I were one of those who change heart and tone at once upon that subject; and our friendship is but like that of those we have so often laughed at, after all—eh? Now, don't you see me frowning, and hear me speaking slower, like Mr. Checks the banker, when one wants to overdraw." And so, with a tumult of words to prevent my thanking her, which indeed I did not know how to do, she put into my hands a blank order, and bade me fill it up as I pleased. I wrote an IOU for £400 in return, which she instantly made a "spill" of, and set a light to; and I promised to pay her interest quarterly, which she playfully assented to, and we had a delightful lesson.

I had never taken money from another in this way before; I was not arrived at the wisdom of a celebrated poet-philosopher, who "knew on which side the obligation lay;" but I certainly trod homeward with a lighter step with the cheque in my pocket, and the load upon my heart replaced by an easy burden of tender gratitude: even then it gave me no slight shudder to see Solomon Levi, the atrocious money lender—like the devil for a lost soul at almost the minute of forfeit—at the very portal of the cottage, with two other ginger faced gentry, his companions, come to do me honor. What a hideous shadow he cast upon the rose trellis, set up by my dead sister's hands! His Jewish nose was thrown there in all its prominence. I could not help thinking what miseries this creature would have had power to bring upon the innocent as well as the guilty, had it not been for Ellen's generosity. Between her and him, what a monstrous gulf—both human creatures, but God's child and the fiend's! Thank Heaven, neither Charles nor my mother caught a sight of him; I sent him back appeased, and even jocular.

For weeks and weeks after this business, I was filled with increased affection for my companion; my regard for her, indeed, as my benefactress, never diminished; but when I at last found myself expressing so much continually to her own ears, and to her manifest

distress and pain—when I began to be solicitous and unhappy in myself about the means of repaying her—I did not need her reproachful looks, and faded, rayless manner to inform me, that the curse was fallen, and the dream of my delight dissolved.

One day, that I had resolved inly should be my last visit, I found Lucy Ward with Ellen in the garden. I came in at the lattice-gate, as was my custom, and through the ivy-walk that shut me from their sight till close upon them. I could not have helped hearing their conversation had I had the courage to forego it. Ellen was speaking—I knew it by the tone at once, without the words—of myself; the words, as I know now, of honest warning from a noble woman to a weak one of her own sex—bitterer a thousand times to her that uttered them, than to the living heart that heard.

"I did not say false, Lucy, nor deceptive, but fickle—fickle as the winds themselves. I do not know whether he loves you; but indeed—indeed, dear girl, I fear that he does not. I know right well that if he does, it will not be for long. He never told me of this fault of his—this natural and inborn disease; but I found it out long since in the case of others, and prayed—ah, how I prayed!—that he might not so act towards me. Alas! he looks upon this house as a truant on his school room. I tell you, the sole feeling that brings him here at all is, that lowest of all incentives—the sense of obligation. He comes to-day, and you yourself shall judge of his constancy."

"And so you shall, Lucy," said I, confronting them. "As you have thought fit to disclose that circumstance, Miss Newby, on which you enjoined my secrecy so strictly, I may confess at once that I do owe you four hundred pounds, with the interest accruing thereto, for two months and five days. Although you burned my bond, it seems you are anxious to have, at least, a witness;" and stung to madness by what I had overheard, I was still continuing this cruel strain, when Ellen on a sudden grew deadly pale, fainted, and would have fallen, but for Lucy's arm, to the ground. I carried her into the drawing-room, the glass doors of which opened out upon the lawn, and as soon as she showed signs of returning animation, imprinted a kiss on Lucy's beautiful forehead, and left the cottage, never to enter it again.

From that hour, I set my whole heart upon marrying Lucy Ward; not that it was set of itself, not that I affected even any ardent enthusiasm upon the matter, but knowing for certain, and by her own confession, that she loved me, I did my best to reciprocate the sentiment. Moreover, from the fact of my feeling so calmly upon the subject, I drew fa-

vorable auguries that the esteem, which I truly had for her, would last. How but by this marriage, indeed, was I to pay off my debt to Ellen—an obligation that by this time had become well nigh intolerable? This last reason, I fear, weighed as heavily as any.

My mother and friends were much pleased; they had greatly preferred Lucy, of my two favorites, all along: the knowledge of their own inferiority—insufferable to women, if felt in regard to one of their own sex—had opposed them to Ellen from the first.

I was proud of my young wife, and almost entirely happy on the day I was married. With her assistance, I had paid all my debts, and above all, Miss Newby's. I felt thankful to Lucy, and kindly, "and her beauty made me glad." People expressed their satisfaction at seeing so wild and reckless a young gentleman safely landed. There was great rejoicing in all Shardale valley; the little bell pealed as joyously as it could—the same that had tolled for my sister's funeral—the young girls strewed with flowers our path that led beside her grave.

For a whole week, I loved my wife exceedingly; I began to have some hopes of living happily with her to the end; I even wrote verses about her—which is indeed a rare proceeding in a husband—for I was an author and a poet. It was to prosecute my literary labors more advantageously that we lived in London. Our fortune, though small, was yet sufficient to shield us from much of the early bitterness of that kind of life. I was young and sanguine, and found that there was a battle uphill and against odds to be fought, such as I had never dreamed of. I experienced all ills that authors are heir to—rejections, delays, misprints, alterations, and publications without pay from the serials, unfavorable reviews, no reviews, and little or no sale of original works. One day, my wife observed upon one of these casualties: "Lucky for you, my dear James, you have not to get your bread by your wits." It was a coarse, thoughtless remark, and as soon as it was uttered, she strove to erase the effect of it by caresses; but I never forgave her from that hour. To think that in what interested me most on earth, I should meet from my life-companion not sympathy, but sneers; that she should have—as it seemed to my morbid mind—the baseness thus to hint at her superiority of fortune. I never looked upon her beautiful face without these thoughts; and it became a burden to me to have her eyes rest on me. I fled her presence day and night. The more her nature showed itself repentant and loving towards me, the colder grew my feelings towards her; from indifference to antipathy, from antipathy to downright hatred; and then my hideous characteristic had attained

its worst. Anything like cruelty, insult, or even rudeness, I never committed, or had any desire to commit: I was shown to be a monster only by the negative proof. Wandering aimless over London, eating solitary dinners at chop houses, unable to apply myself to any action, unstrung and jaded, and dreading always to return to my unhappy home, I passed those weary days. I wondered, as I watched the lonely well-dressed men that saunter all the noon about the streets, or those of an inferior grade that hang in knots at corners of the mighty thoroughfares, but clustered there only for a few hours, and clearly not habitual companions, whether there could be one so desolate as I—I, that had wife and mother, and acquaintances in crowds; and whether there was one who, looking in my heart, would come to change his lot with mine, who had a house, at least, to cover me, and food and even money at command.

But I had not money enough, nor nearly so; I wanted pleasure, excitement, the fever and delirium of life, to waken me from my gloomy torpor, and I was still not selfish enough to purchase that at the price of another's ruin. Our income was just enough; the little beyond it I had once been able to procure by my pen, I could procure no longer: that "Lucky you have not to get your bread by your wits, James," paralyzed my brain.

It was about six months after marriage that the event occurred which withdrew me from my former existence, and placed me in my present life. I was gazing in at the great printshop beyond the Haymarket Theatre, one afternoon, looking earnestly at the mouldings of the frames, at the names of the engravers, at the titles of the dedicatees—at anything, in short, that would not interrupt my course of meditation—when I became suddenly aware that I was being watched: in the dark shadow of a print before me, I caught the reflex of a pair of eyes that seemed to read right through me. I turned round slowly, and recognized at once one whose name, and wealth, and writings were at that time the talk of half the civilized world—a little sallow old man, dressed in an attire of nearly "sixty years since;" his tall, narrow brimmed hat, his drab breeches, his bright Hessian boots, at once declared to me that mysterious being, hard, dry, and cynical, who had exhausted life at an age when most men were commencing it, and was looking, according to his own confession, for death—as, it might be, for a novel sensation; at one time the richest, at all times the most accomplished man in Europe, whose experience had been equal to that of the preacher's of old: "Whatsoever his eyes had desired he had kept not from them; who had withheld not his heart from any joy." And the like

result had happened to him also, for he "had looked on the labor that he had labored to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

"Young man," said he, fixing those merciless gray eyes upon my face, "you were thinking whether death itself were not to be preferred to the life you live. You have no friends—no, not one; you are poor—dependent, perhaps, upon another; you would change lots with nine men out of ten that are passing by at this moment."

"My lord," said I, "I would change lots with any one of them." The face of the old man lit up with interest at these words.

"You know me, then, and therefore know that I can do whatever takes my will. Now, would you give up parents, children, wife, and name, and even country; would you be content to begin the wide world afresh—I say, would you become *another man*, for gold enough and lands and houses in exchange?" I knew this man could do whatever thing he would; my heart beat high with hope of escaping from my bonds.

Firmly, and quite collectedly, I said: "I would do this."

"Remember, boy, this lies at your own door, then," said Lord Fordyce. "A whole week yet shall elapse before you cross a gulf that cannot be passed over from the other side. At this spot, and at this time, we meet again in seven days. Take thoughtful heed to what you then shall do."

That week I passed in a strange state of exhilaration. I had no doubt of the change awaiting me: I made my preparations as though it would certainly take place. I was more affectionately behaved towards my poor wife, for that short time, than I could have thought possible. I felt the sort of attachment and melancholy interest in her we feel towards mere acquaintances when we or they are upon the point of setting out upon a long travel and for many years. I put aside, so as to be easily discovered after my departure, a statement of my determination to absent myself from her for ever. All blame I laid upon myself, as, indeed, I might well do, and bade her adieu in kindly but unloving terms. My whole property I placed legally in her own hands. I do not know, even at this time, had my wife shown much pleasure at my novel kindness, and repaid it with warmth on her own part, whether I might not have been shaken in my purpose. I shall not forget her look of wonder at the unaccustomed kiss I gave her tenderly as I left her upon that fatal morning. I am not surprised that she so readily believed the seeming proofs, that subsequently came to light, of my having put an end to myself.

In the same place, at the appointed hour, I found the man awaiting me. He saw by the

expression of my face that I was still determined to accept his offer, and as we drove along together in a hired cab, rehearsed the conditions of our bargain. I was to submit to any alterations in my personal appearance he thought fit; until his death occurred, or ten years had passed away, I never was to reveal myself, nor disclose my name to any of my old companions whosoever; I was to come to him whenever he so wished it, and see him at least four times within the year. In return, I was to receive the sum of £50,000.

I thought of every possible contingency — alas! save one — that could occur to make this bargain insupportable; but the touch and sight of the cheque he put into my hand for the whole amount — the visions of vague but brilliant joys that thronged my brain — the consciousness especially of vast and independent power, would have drowned in a sea of dazzling expectation far greater scruples and objections than mine. I scarcely attended to my companion, such dreams were in my mind. He knew what was beating at my heart, and flushing my forehead, and smiled sardonically. If anything would have made me hesitate, it would have been that curling lip; it told of knowledge, indeed, but of the bitter and forbidden fruit of it; of power, too, but likewise of contempt of power. To me, he was as a grown-up man that grimly smiles on a poor boy who has his school-time yet to come; a skilful surgeon watching a curious case he well knows must end fatally — nay, rather experimentalizing on it, without more care or tenderness than the sharp, cold blade of his own lancet. We stopped in Golden Square, at a great dingy house, and were ushered into a parlor, lit up by candle-light, upon whose table there lay fruits and wine; some strange preserve, of which he ate but sparingly, was more delicious than aught I had ever tasted. In spite of my anxiety and excitement, a dreamy, soothing sensation fell upon me after I had partaken of it. I could not keep my eyes from closing heavily again and again, recovering myself each time with greater difficulty; and at last giving up the struggle, I fell into a profound slumber. I know not how long I slept. When I awoke, I found myself in a hotel in Jermyn Street that was familiar to me — the same, indeed, where in I had passed my honey-moon. What most surprised me, as I looked around, was the extraordinary suppleness of my neck. Upon reaching my hand up to it, also, I felt a freeness of limb that I had never before experienced. Casting my gaze upon it for the first time, I beheld the skin of a West Indian: I had become a Creole! Upon springing out of bed to the pier-glass, I found the reflex of quite another person than myself. I was metamorphosed, not unfavorably, into a polished

"bronze;" my hair, which had been of a light tint, was now as black as ebony; short black moustaches were upon my upper lip; and, ye gods! ear-rings — little gold ear-rings, upon either cheek! An enormous portmanteau lay in a corner of the room, inscribed: "Mr. Eugene Lecroix, Antigua." One frantic effort I made, with soap and brush, that reminded me of the washing of the blackamoor, and I sank down exhausted with my fruitless labor, with all the languor that was peculiar to my now native clime.

Putting on a magnificent crimson dressing-gown, that made me look like Othello in the play, I entered the sitting-room: the card of one of the merchant-princes of the city lay upon the table; a note also, informing me that £50,000 had been paid into his house for me, and offering to introduce me, fresh from my far-western home — that was, if he had but known it, Paddington — to every thing and every body.

A jerk at the bell brought up a mulatto servant; he had been ordered to attend upon me as cicerone by the great lord. It was a rare notion, and tickled me amazingly, that I, who had become in my wanderings perfectly acquainted with every part of town, should have it explained and expatiated upon by a black fellow.

Rich as I was, it seemed my riches had been magnified. Quite an army of waiters were drawn up in the hall to do obeisance as I left the house; the landlord himself — whom I recognized by *not* having seen him before, when I was plain Mr. Branksome — held the great door wide open, and "ducked" profoundly as I passed him. My get-up was of the completest: a private cab, with an unexceptionable horse and tiger, was in waiting, and off I drove, amidst a murmur of applause, to Lombard Street. I strode through the swinging portals into the great changing-room, and thence, by the "Open-Sesame" of my name, into the sanctum sanctorum of the merchant. The wrinkles of the dry old man smoothed off at my approach, his white lips puckered into parodies of smiles. "His lordship had informed him" — "Of what?" I broke out indignantly, for our bargain included silence — my patron's part equally with my own. "Of my vast expectations, and present great possessions in the West Indies. Could he be of any service? His little place down in Surrey was entirely at my disposal. Mrs. Guestrode and his daughters would be so delighted." I thought the delight of these young ladies would have been mitigated could they but have guessed at poor Mrs. Branksome, but professed a proper fervor of desire to be presented to them. I drew £1,000, settled about the investment of the rest, and took my departure,

gracefully attended by the old gentleman, to the door of his den.

I felt scarcely any scruples about the vexation I must have been causing to my deserted wife and the rest of my relatives; I tried to assure myself that they felt as indifferent to me as I to them; I portrayed to myself the future, and the delights that wealth should offer me, and shut out from my remembrance every picture of the past. I was happy in an anticipation rarely, and in a fulfilment never: the mammon-god had, indeed, taken me for his own.

The thoughts and acts of the early part of my second life are almost passed away from my mind; but I well remember an advertisement in the *Times* newspaper, from my dear mother, that wrung even my heart: "If James would return to them, only return, and deliver them from their suspense, a separation between him and Lucy should be effected immediately." And shall I ever forget, while life lasts, this second notice, a few months after my change? — "James, by a father's name, if you are yet alive, you are entreated to come home, or write, if it be but one single word." Yes, I, that had neither name, nor friend, nor tie upon this earth, as I had thought — I, who had dreamed of escaping from myself and all that belonged to me, had now — a son. How I cursed my wealth and him that gave it; the cold, hard, childless man, who held me to my bond for all my prayers, and analyzed my father-thoughts and natural love with such proud scorn, and made me butt for his sharp, bitter shafts of worldly wit and bad experience; ay, dead though he be, I curse him to this hour!

Through my whole new reckless life, the knowledge that the attention paid to me was due to my wealth alone, I never could cheat myself into forgetting. Naturally of a warm and friendly temperament, but possessing as well a keen insight into the character of others, I found fresh friends — that I could call such even for an hour — impossible to gain. Sometimes, indeed, I met an old one — Clement, for instance, whom I had used so ill at college — and sad, indeed, such meetings were for me. It was at a great colonial dinner-party, where governors, and judges, and consuls were as plentiful as pine-apples, that I found myself next to his Excellency of Boonipootang. Changed almost as much as I myself, was that clever, honest man from the fast fellow-commoner I had known him — but ah! how much for the better!

I recalled his college-life to him by cunning questions; I interested and drew him towards me, as of old; I dared even to mention my old name to him, as of one unknown to myself, but distantly related. He drew my portrait far more favorably than I had hoped, but his

closing words spoiled all: "This poor young man, you should remember was your relative, and that we should not speak ill against the dead;" for dead I was supposed by all to be. A body had been picked up down the river, in too decomposed a state to be recognized, and that body personated me.

Whenever I mentioned my former self — miserable eves-dropper as I was — I never heard much good of it. The publishers trod heaviest on my vanity of all (for my passion for print was as strong as ever, and much more easily gratified, in that the West Indian millionaire, with lifelike sketches of his own luxurious property, was not a contributor to be sneezed at): my relative, Branksome, I was informed, in answer to kind inquiries, could neither imagine nor describe, told truth ill, and lied ungracefully; and the worst of it was, poor devil! had drowned himself, because his articles were so often rejected. "So determined was the act of suicide, that he had put one of his own essays in each pocket to sink him." If the wit could but have looked into the heart of his smiling listener, it would have damped his merriment, and altered his opinions on one or two subjects.

Moreover, casually, at club-houses, I met with old acquaintances by scores — men with whom I had been hand and glove, social, friendly, and even sympathetic; and I learned, as few ever learn, how soon and utterly the remembrance of the dead is swept away — how ill it would fare with them could they return among the places that refuse to know them more.

As for my brother, he had long been made a college don; and when I sat next to him once at the vice-chancellor's, the worst he had to say of me was, that I had "thrown my time away at the university, married early, and ended" — I think he said — "injudiciously."

My new associates were generally the higher class of "men about town," guardsmen, attachés, young M. P.'s; and such like. They pleased me best, because what little kindly warmth lay in them — the outer coat of artificial ice first broken through — was easily accessible. They were, indeed, incapable of friendship; but, alas! was I the man that dared cast stones at them for that? Arm in arm with one of these *nil admirari* folk, it was a terrible thing for me to meet my fell enchanter. He was getting very old and feeble, and his ghastly smiles struck home through my soul. When young Frank Pretymann, M. P., observed of him, that he was "a rich feller, but deals with the dayvil, don't he?" it gave me quite a shock. His lordship never asked me any questions now about my state of mind; a look at me from those yet sharp eyes of his was quite sufficient. Indeed, what with my color, and the dropping in of my cheeks, and

lack-lustre, used-up expression altogether, it was hard for my very self to believe in my own identity. Ah! how, even in writing of these things, do I keep clear of the only subject that really interests me: in describing this second life of mine, how morbidly do I omit the one thing that was the soul of it! How I craved to look upon that single kindred-face my eyes had still not tired of—those unknown but beloved features of my fatherless child! How, in the long dark winter-nights, I have paced, for hours, before the house wherein he lay, and prayed God's blessing on him, and watched for him at all times; and in vain! How I begged of my hard task-master to let me but reveal myself to my own son, and he would not! Suppose that I should not be able to persuade the child *at all* that he was mine! suppose that, if I did, he should grow up in hate and fear of me! What hideous thoughts and dim forebodings filled my heart!

Four years had yet to pass before I should be free, when my wife and child left London in the spring, to stay with my mother in Sharnale. To be absent altogether from the boy, I could not bear; and longing to see the ancient haunts as well, I too started northwards, and took a cottage in the valley, not a mile from our old home. Ah! sad and strange seemed every well-known spot—the wood, the mountain, and the tarn, how stern, how sombre! Not extinct, however, nor even weakened, was the power of nature; and even in my selfish heart again the chords of thankfulness and joy were stirred, and even in my sunken spirit hope seemed again to spring beneath summer airs and upon the windy hills; but chiefly when the storm was loud, I sought the once-accustomed walk, and heard again the voices of my father and his son, beside me or stood in sorrow by my sister's grave.

I watched the well-known house, while my heart leaped and struggled; I longed to break my wicked oath, and glad my mother's eyes; for my wife, I had no affection, only pity, and the consciousness of the wrong I had done to her; for my son, doting, boundless love. I had seen the little curly-headed fellow within the garden afar off, but Lucy was with him, and I dared not meet her gaze, nor trust even in such disguise as mine to escape her recognition. One day, however, Charley—named after his uncle—not, alas! his father—climbed the hill in front alone. I had a little telescope carried about at all times for such an occasion, and coming up with him, offered it to the boy to look through. How tenderly I altered it to suit his sight, how lovingly I watched his delighted gestures! No kiss was ever half so sweet as that which I imprinted upon his open brow. A long, long talk I had with him, but took care to put no questions yet. I showed him the house I lived at, told him to ask leave

to visit me; and finally, when voices called him from below, I won his heart by making him a present of the telescope. That evening, as I had expected, Mrs. Branksome was "happy to have the pleasure of Mr. Eugene Lecroix's company at tea." Mother, and wife, and son, I was to meet that night as three utter strangers!

My way lay through the church-yard: a guilty, selfish wretch I felt myself to have been and to be; the steady, silent stars scarcely looked upon a being more humbled and more hateful to himself than I. Now I had reached mid-manhoo, and left all my life behind me barren of a friend, fertile in despisers, or at best in commiserators, and dark on every hand with evil deeds; before me, nothingness; in four years' time, leave to reassume my former name, to be branded as an imposter, or hated as a heartless villain. What money could purchase, indeed, for me it had purchased: I had travelled over half Europe with four horses; I had drunk of the cup of pleasure even to excess—the relish was gone; I had gloated over the beauties of painting and sculpture till I had surfeited of both: scenery itself—save that of my native Sharnale—had lost much of its enchantment; although, too, my constitution had hitherto held out during a course of life whereto I was driven rather than attracted, I had not the strength of my youth.

Down the gravel-walk, and underneath the sycamore, and now at the little porch where hangs the red May-rose my sister trained, and I can hear two well-known voices from the sitting-room within, and a young child's laughter; and another voice I hear that is unrecognized, nor yet altogether strange: now in the tiny hall; and now, great Heaven! at home once more.

Is this old lady, then, who shakes my hand so warmly, my dear mother? How gray she is! what sadness sits in her mild eyes, and reigns over her quiet smile!—I should not know her, save for those sweet tones. My wife—more beautiful than ever, flushed and happy, with our boy beside her, and a man, who is her lover—there is no deceiving me—on the other side, who is—yes—it is Lacy, my old college friend.

"Telescope"—"kindness"—"quite ashamed"—I do not hear what they are saying rightly, but "little Charley" grates upon my ear, and I answer curtly; and then the agony of commonplace, when the heart is full and the brain burns, for hours.

The boy is my companion daily. Lacy and she have other things to attend to and to talk of; but they treat him well, I see, or it were worse for them. Shall I let this marriage be, and suffer my wife to sin in the eyes of the law, and make my own child's mother an

adulteress? or shall I blast her happiness, and break my oath, and ruin all, to call my son my own? His father, as he tells me, never saw his face, but died ere he was born; Lacy, it seems, knows the doubt that still exists; but there are so many years elapsed, and no trace has been discovered of Mr. Branksome's existence, he has persuaded her to have no doubts at all.

"Cause or impediment, as ye shall answer at the last dreadful day of account!" was rung, was tolled rather, in my ears through day and night: my state of hesitation and perplexity was awful; but the terror of the matter with me was in its reference to the boy. A few days ere the wedding, I took a sudden resolution, and posted up to London; my mind was made up to give back the relics of my fortune to his lordship, and to entreat his leave to reveal myself—to do so, at all events, with or without his leave. "Too ill to be seen to-day; but Mr. Branksome, if it was he, should be admitted to-morrow," was my answer in Grosvenor Square. To-morrow! Scant time there would be, then, to get back to Shardale; but ordering a chaise to be in readiness at a moment's notice, I called again next day at the hour specified. The house was filled with people; the square before it, paved thick with straw, was thronged with gaping crowds; the great lord had but just expired—he, the arbiter of my destinies, the ruler of my being, had himself been forced to own a master. I was released, at length, from that bad vow.

I grew frantic as we flew towards Westmoreland; I writhed and cursed as each fresh calamity occurred: the traces broke—a wheeler fell dead-lame—the boys I had bribed to gallop madly got drunk, and galloped madly in the wrong direction. When I reached Kendal, it was past mid-noon of the marriage-day. Weeks of raging fever at the inn; death staring in my painted, lying face, putting its cold hand close beside my heart, and yet, when I considered the life that otherwise must be, not horrible, not even unwell-

come. As for life beyond the grave, the thought of it was not so fearful as might seem; I had begun to consider myself "possessed"—unaccountable for those dreadful feelings, and the acts their consequences, that had drawn misery upon so many, and that had yet, perhaps, much more to draw. I was become a fatalist. I do not even now think that it was at any time in my power to overcome my lassitude of affection, the fatigue and wearisomeness of love.

I went abroad as soon as I was able to move, and never saw the shores of England till six months ago. I dared not look upon my boy again through all that time—the boy that paid the debt of love to both his parents over and over again to *her* alone—the boy whom every year would help to understand more fully, if it was ever revealed, his father's sin, his innocent mother's shame. I thank Heaven that he left this earth without that knowledge—that he died holding my hand in his, and thanking me for a friend's love—"the love," his mother added, "that would ever be a bond between her heart and mine!"

It was in Rome that I next met those three whom I had so deeply wronged. Her husband—he whom the world called such—came to winter there—to die there, in the last stage of a decline: a sun-stroke killed my boy; he was struck down, but lived three April-days—every hour, every minute of which is written in my inmost heart—a sorrow, yet a solace, till it beats no more.

It may be that these words may meet her eyes whom I have used so cruelly, for whose sake partly, too, I have so cruelly suffered; my love for her dear child "will ever be a bond between our hearts," she said. Mother! I wonder would that sadness leave your brow, or broaden rather, had you back your son? Besides you two, there are no beings on earth, save Ellen Newby, whose right hands I would care to clasp again. "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy." Fare you well!

From Punch.

PRUSSIA'S VACILLATION EXPLAINED.

(IN A SCENE FROM THE UNFINISHED DRAMA OF THE RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.)

SCENE—*Sans Souci. The Royal Study.*

Enter KING CLICQUOT and TWO COUNCILLORS following.

Clicq. We are fatigued, discussion's drought hath dried

Our tongue and brain; and Drought, Drought's antidote,
In both our natural humor must restore.
Without!—some wine there ho!

Enter PAGE with Champagne.

1st Coun. Hey presto!—faith, } *aside.*
Right promptly served.

2nd Coun. The butler hath, I wot, } *aside.*
To make no lengthy voyage to the cellar.

Clicq. Sit, gentlemen, (fills a tumbler) and do as we do.

1st and 2nd Coun.

Sire,

We humbly thank your Majesty.

Click. Peace! *[They help themselves. Drinks.]*
1st and 2nd Coun. Peace! *[They drink the toast.]*

Click. Pros't!—may the pledge avail the wished-for-end!

For which we strive, as yet, alas! in vain,
That end what means were safest to pursue? *[Drinks.]*

1st Coun. If I might hazard speech—
Click. Speak freely, man. *[Slaps him on the shoulder.]*

1st Coun. This counsel I would give your Majesty;
At once with Austria and the Western Powers
Make common cause, and lead the Intellect,
The Science, and the Morals, and the Art
Of Germany against the barbarism
And brutish force of savage Muscovy.

Click. Why that's well said—that's well and bravely said— *[Drinks.]*

Extremely well and very properly said,
There is the Physical and Psychical
And there is Russia—that's one element—
And Prussia—that's another element—
Antagonistic forces. *[Drinks.]*

2nd Coun. Pardon, Sir: But is it not of Nature found the law
That force should with opposing force combine?
Acid with alkali; and oxygen
Or chlorine with a metal: positive
With negative in electricity?

Click. That's true o' the other hand—that's also true—

Acid with alkali makes a neutral salt,
And that suggests a neutral policy.
'Sides, talk o' chemical affinity, *[Drinks.]*
Rec'lect that NIO'LAS ish my bruz-in-law.

1st Coun. Yet let your Majesty this truth per-
pend,
Light is the opposite to darkness, still,
Light doth the shades of darkness chase away;
Then champion Fatherland's enlightenment
Against the advance of Russia's night.

Click. I will!
I'll be sha champions of our Fazerland.
Russia shall not eclips sh Human Mind
Dashifsheshall!
I'll give in my adhesion to sh' allies,
And Prussia shall march in she van o' European
shivilishash'n. *[Drinks.]*

2nd Coun. Then, Sire, against your august re-
lative,
Your Majesty resolves to draw the sword?

Click. Draw sword against my bruz-in-law!
2nd Coun. Against

Your Majesty's near kinsman, and besides,
The great support and prop of monarchy,
On rabid revolution, everywhere,
Enforcing loyal order.

Click. No, I won't.
Angel of Peace, you know, he shaysh I am.
I can't, I mush'n't fight my bruz-in-law—
My poor dear bruz-in-law! *[Cries.]*

2nd Coun. And fighting him your Majesty
would fight
For MAHOMET against the Christian side.

Click. MAHOMET is the false Prophet, and I
won't fight for MAHOMET. I am a Chrish'n—
and I hope to be shaved. I won't take MAHO-
MET's part—hangfiwill! *[Drinks.]*

1st Coun. But Russia, as your Majesty well
knows,

The Groek corrupt religion doth profess,
Not the confession evangelical
Of MARTIN LUTHER.

Click. Why, that alters sha caseagain *[Drinks.]*
MAENLUTHER I look upon as a Posh'l. MAEN-
LUTHER's sh' only true shysht'm of theology.
True sheology's sha bashish of eveshing—
ashecks and evshing elsh! *[Drinks.]*

2nd Coun. What course then doth your Majes-
ty elect?

Click. Lemmy turnitover immymind. Famous
doctorehewas! DOCTOR MAENLUTHER. Sings
DOCMARNLUTHER's song.

1st and 2nd Coun. What song, an't like your
gracious Majesty?

Click. Song DOCMARNLUTHER used to sing.
You know—

1st and 2nd Coun. Full many a goodly song
puissant liege.

Did DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER use to sing.

Click. Ay; but zshish was a cap'l song. 'Tsh!
whatamem'ry I have, be sure! "Who lovesh not
wine." Thash ish! *[drinks.]* "Who lovesh not
wine" *[trying to sing, breaks down.]* No—I can't
shing! I've qu' lost myvoice—quilstomyvoice
—talkinsmuch 'bout this confound East'n
quest'n. Shall soon have no voice atall left. I'm
very tired—essessively tired—*[drinks.]*—zhen-
t'm'n helpyaselves an' downmineme *[nods.]*

1st and 2nd Coun. But, Sire, your answer to the
Western Powers.

And Austria?
Click. Talkabouthattomorra!

*[Falls asleep. COUNCILLORS raise their hands,
turn up their eyes, and shrug their shoulders; and
the SCENE closes.]*

From the Examiner, 15th July.

OUR GERMAN FRIENDS.

LOUD was the exultation, last week, with which
those who have advocated diplomacy and the con-
currence of the German Powers, as the best means
of bringing Russia to reason, hailed the announce-
ment that Austria would certainly enter Walla-
chia on the 6th July,—that Francis Joseph had
issued positive orders to General Hess and Count

Coronni for this purpose, and that the Austrian
legions were already on their march for the fron-
tier. Nevertheless we ventured (for reasons not
thought altogether without weight by those who
know more of Austria than can be learnt by a
residence in Vienna) to express a doubt whether
the assurances of Count Buol were entitled to
that full reliance accorded to them by some of
our contemporaries, and whether, considering the
unprotected state of her Galician frontier, the

temper of the Hungarian nation, and the disastrous condition of the Imperial finances, Austria would dare to strike any serious blow at her great patron and protector, the Emperor of Russia.

The ink was scarcely dry with which our observations were written, when the tone of exultation was exchanged for one of doubt and despondency. The Austrians were ready enough to follow, as long as the Russians were retreating; but the latter unfortunately faced about at Bucharest in consequence of their rear being threatened by the advancing Turkish army. And the instant the Russians pause in their retreat, the approaching host of Austria, which was to work such wonders, halts also. The Austrian steamers on the Danube are fired upon by the Cosacks, but even this by no means incites the "stern and resolute" young Emperor. He who was so ready to "occupy" is not prepared to fight. He discovers that his frontier is unguarded and his dominions more menaced than those of Turkey.

His friends now say that great allowances are to be made for him, and we have said so all along. He is admitted to be in a very critical position: but why was this not found out before? Why were important military operations deferred, why was time for preparations given to an enemy in order to conciliate a Power, which, when the pinch comes, finds out that it is itself in greater danger than the State it promised to assist. For the convenience of this irresolute Power, four months have been employed in moving troops to the point which was obviously the best that could be selected for at once protecting Constantinople and annoying the Russians. The Himalaya conveyed a regiment from Cork to Varna in rather less than twelve days. Whatever may be the conduct of Austria for the future, she has certainly done much, by thus retarding the operations of the French and English, towards repaying the debt she owes the Czar for his disinterested services in Hungary.

It must not be forgotten, too, that no further back than the autumn, confidence equal to that last week expressed for Austria was placed in the assurances of Prussia. Prussia, it was then positively averred, would throw her sword into the scale of the Western Alliance; and to secure her support no delay was thought too long, no concession was considered too great. To the contumelies now heaped on the unfortunate monarch of that country by his former admirers we have no wish to add, because we believe that for him, as well as for the Kaiserlein at Vienna, great allowances are to be made. Neither potentate can trust his own subjects.

Under the hypocritical cry of "order," the rule of the sword has been established as the law in the north, almost to as great an extent as in the

south of Germany. If "order" was for a moment endangered — if the people demanded some slight voice in the management of their own affairs, it was to Russia that the eyes of the great powers (as they are facetiously termed) of Germany, no less than the little powers of the Bamberg conference, were turned for assistance. That in the hour of danger it would not be refused they knew, because they well knew the eager desire of the Russian Government to interfere in the domestic concerns of Germany. The sound part of the nation, those who desire to see Germany something more than a name, have long writhed under the curse of the degradation to which they are doomed. But they are termed democrats and revolutionists — and possibly the treatment they have received may have made them such. Can they, then, be expected to fight for a prince whose word they have trusted only to be betrayed? Suppose that the nation should take up arms against Russia at the call of Frederick William — and so exposed is the Prussian frontier that a levy *en masse* would probably be necessary — what security is there that some panic in the Royal mind, some qualm of conscience or indigestion, might not produce a change of policy, and that the King might not direct a massacre of his German lieges, as he did of the Posen peasants who at his summons took up arms against the Russians in 1848, and manifested a little hesitation in laying them down again at the first indication of change in the Royal councils?

In one respect we are happy to agree with those of our contemporaries who have hitherto believed that the concurrence of the neutralized German Powers in protocols and conferences would, by some mysterious agency, drive the Russian army out of the Principalities. They now discover what we all along have steadfastly maintained, that Russia will recede only before the energetic hostility of France and England. Russia has been much too well informed to dread that hostility hitherto, because she has known that the Western Powers were waiting for the Germans, and that she could exercise, either through fear or favor, sufficient influence over the latter to prevent them from concluding with the former any other than a hollow and fruitless alliance. If the only two really great Powers in Europe, instead of waiting for these decrepid and halting states, had thrown at once upon the shores of the Crimea the forces which have been employed for months in digging ditches at Gallipoli, and parading at Scutari, they might have marched, almost without opposition, down the high street of Sebastopol, and the war would probably already have terminated, which, as far as the land forces of the allies are concerned, can scarcely be said to have begun.

On the fly-leaf of Sir Roger Twysden's copy of Stow's *Annales* are the following lines, dated 1643:

"Wise men labor, good men grieve,

Knaves devise, and fools believe;
Help, Lord! and now stand to us,
Or fools and knaves will quite undo us.
Or knaves and fools will quite undo us."

From Chambers's Journal.

THE RADICAL MEMBER OF SOCIETY.

THE radical member of society, unlike his namesake of the senate, is a very unobtrusive personage. He was made before Adam, and his race has been multiplying on the face of the earth ever since the creation; yet, two centuries ago, men had but just become acquainted with the fact of his presence among them. He dwells familiarly in the midst of us, and yet ninety-nine in every hundred of us go down to our graves without knowing that he is there. He is essential, too, to our being. We cannot do without him, even for an instant. He ministers to our physical wants, renders himself subservient to our enjoyments, and even charges himself with the superintendence of our mental operations. Simple in his habits, and humble in his bearing, he is, nevertheless, a mighty potentate in his way. If the Emperor of All the Russias were to prove his fitness to sit in a high place, by blowing a generation of his fellow-men into dust, our little patient friend would quietly ply his craft, and by the time the autocrat had joined the smoke of his own explosion, and had become ashes with ashes, a new generation of living human forms would fill the vacant place.

The radical member of society is not given to the adornment of his person with factitious decoration, neither does he stand six feet without his boots. This, indeed, is why he is so commonly overlooked, even when in the act of rendering important service to the state. If the truth must be told, he is but a pigmy in stature—so small, indeed, that unless when he chances to have outgrown the ordinary standard of his race, he cannot be discerned by unaided human eyes. He is, in fact, *microscopical* as well as radical. Until the ingenious Robert Hooke had put his apparatus of magnifying-lenses together, to "pry into all things"—as it has been *judicially*, but not very reverentially expressed—it was not possible that he should be seen. So minute are his dimensions, that a clever hand might put a million of his little bodies to bed, side by side, upon the face of a shilling. As many as twenty millions, indeed, have been known to be comfortably accommodated within the same area, when the individuals happened to be only dwarf specimens of the race.

The radical member of society has been planned with a view to convenient package, as well as to fitness for active work; hence he is without any kind of awkward incumbrance. He has neither arms, legs, nor head: he is all body, and this body is generally as compact as a dumpling; so that it may be rolled freely about when engaged in locomotive operations, or, even when not so employed, be stored up, as Dutch cheeses are packed away in cellars. He is, nevertheless, very cunningly and beautifully made. His compact body is composed of an exquisitely delicate film of skin, covering a reservoir of rich liquid. Sometimes this skin is defended by a rigid coat-of-mail, spread over it externally; at other times, it is strengthened by a stout lining attached to the inside. In either case, the radical fact, nevertheless, still remains—that our radical

friend is a *little bladder* full of fluid. On this account, he has been named by scientific sponsors a *vesicle*, and very appropriate is the denomination: *vesicula* is the Latin word for a little bladder. Many people prefer to speak of the subject of our consideration as a *cell*: *cella* is a chamber where valuables may be stored away. A cellar, for instance, is a place where we pack our wine; but a cellar may be a hole hollowed out in the ground, or it may be a structure built up of walls. Now, our friend is not a hollow space, excavated in a lump of continuous substance: he is really a structure made of walls that have been built up regularly of smaller parts. In each of the twenty millions of bodies that can repose together upon a shilling, there are myriads of little atoms, as they are termed, fixed and fitted together, as bricks are fitted in common buildings. When our vesicle is strengthened and stiffened by outer coatings, or thickened by inner deposits, it may be convenient to speak of it as a cell; but the term must then be understood to comprise both the walls and contents, as well as the chamber or cavity in which the latter are held.

But a bladder is no person: it is only a thing; hence it may be urged we have not at present established any good and sufficient ground for speaking of our vesicular acquaintance in the language we have employed. Our answer is, that we have yet more to tell. The object of our allusions is really a *living vesicle*, and has an absolute personal individuality of its own. He grows from infantile into mature age, arranges the matters of his own internal economy, transacts his own business, and even brings up a family, and manages to get his descendants off in the world at an appropriate time. To make all this as evident to our readers as it is to ourselves, we will drop in upon our friend in one of his favorite places of resort, and spy out his doings by means of our microscope. We need entertain no scruples in committing the act of espial, for he will be altogether unconscious of our operations: he has no telescope to turn upon us.

In pools of still water—especially if on open moory ground—a layer of greenish, half-fluid, cloudy-looking substance nearly always collects at the bottom. If a portion of this be carefully raised by the hand, or by a net of fine muslin insinuated along the mud beneath, and be then examined by the microscope, it will be found that it is occupied by swarms of minute objects, possessing an immense variety of appearance, and yet agreeing together in certain essential particulars. Some look like little balls; others are elliptical or boat shaped; others cylindrical, quadrangular, or even triangular. Some resemble flat circular disks, and are covered by symmetrical patterns worked in lines and dots. Many are beautiful crescents, or yet more graceful spindles, lengthened out and bent opposite ways at the extremities, with a sort of sigmoid curve. All of them are, however, hollow cases of thin membrane, and contain inside a clear liquid, in which numerous small granular specks, often of a bright green color, float. Now, if some of these curious objects be carefully watch-

ed for a little time, it will be noticed that they do not remain altogether stationary where they have been placed; all at once, they get restless, and advance by a series of little jerking starts in one direction—then they stop and return upon their previous course with the same halting gait. Occasionally, some very brisk individual of the community will, in this fashion, make a journey an inch long in a few minutes: the more circumspect travellers take a day to accomplish the same distance.

But if the observation be carried on for a sufficient length of time, it will be seen that these fitful creatures grow as well as move. They get larger and larger, in some cases by puffing out their sides; in others, by extending their length. All the while this is going on, a strange commotion is taking place in their insides: legions of granular specks hurry now this way and now that, until at length a result of all the bustle begins to appear. A thin partition commences to form all round the inside of the case, and creeps onward, step by step, until at last it has divided the original chamber into two perfectly isolated parts. The partition then thickens, and finally splits into two distinct layers, of which the one attaches itself to one cavity, and the other to its neighbor; and thus the case itself tumbles into halves. Each half then grows, until it attains the mature dimensions of the parent, and after this deposits its partitions, and falls to pieces; and so, individual after individual, and generation after generation, are formed.

These little multiplying vesicles—for such the bodies are—acquire the substance that is used in the augmentation of their own dimensions, and in the formation of their partitions, from the liquid in which they are immersed. There are no perceptible openings in their delicate membranous walls; but those walls are, nevertheless, full of inconceivably minute pores, through which liquids can slowly infiltrate. Water will not run through a piece of bladder; but the bladder will, notwithstanding this, soak water up into its substance, and get thoroughly wet throughout. Under this soaking power, if sirup be tied up in a bladder, and the bladder be tossed into a pail of pure water, the water will be drunk in and mingled with the sirup, rendering it thinner and more dilute in consequence of the admixture. Just in the same way, the living vesicles under consideration, imbibe the thin fluids in which they float, and mingle the same with the thick rich matters they contain within. They then select from the imbibed fluid, principles that are useful for their constructive work, and reject the rest. This is what the restless movements of the granular specks alluded to above mean. Those little floating masses are necessarily carried to and fro by the arriving and departing currents. In this way, then, our radical member manages to feed himself without either head or hands. He is mouths all over his skin, and is always swimming about in a reservoir of nutritious liquid, which he can appropriate at need.

Every vesicle that falls under observation is not, however, equally fortunate in this respect. Some of the little flattened or lengthened cells have their skins defended by large impervious

horny plates, or by flinty shields and mail-pieces applied closely to their external surfaces. These uncovered spaces, for purposes of imbibition, are only left along the margins of the plates, or under holes bored through their dense substance. When this is the case, it occasionally chances, that the insetting or outflowing current of liquid becomes so strong in one direction, that the light vesicle is suddenly pushed before it, just as it has been recently proposed to propel steam-boats by jetting water out from pipes, instead of by the revolution of paddle-wheels and threaded screws. The jerking movements of these rudimentary vesicles are now generally conceived to be, not properly locomotive acts, but simply hints of this nature thrown out to our mechanicians, to show them how to set about their work.

Microscopic living cells of this kind do not dwell in placid pools alone; they love the fresh water which is still and clear to the bottom, and that allows the genial sunshine to penetrate to its utmost depths. But they also abound in all moist situations: they cover the surface of rocks in the sea; they cling to the submerged parts of aquatic plants, both marine and fresh; they cluster in ditches; and wherever running-streams lag by the way, they assemble in crowds. In every trough or cistern where water is allowed to stand, their presence may be easily detected by skilful seekers. Scientific men have called these omnipresent multitudes of self-multipliers by the name of *diatoms*, the epithet being a reflection upon their origin—the word is taken from two Greek terms that signify 'cut through.' Some of the microscopic community that possess angular forms, show a little inclination to cling together by their corners; these are especially classed as *desmids*, a word derived from the Greek for a chain.

There is one curious fact regarding the constitution of the true diatoms: so soon as their delicate membranes are fully formed, and freely exposed to the influence of the water in which they float, they collect from that fluid minute particles of hard flint, and out of these fashion for themselves solid shields or shells, which they attach to the outside of their bodies, merely leaving narrow grooves and dots of the membrane free from the dense investment, that the liquid nourishment may there still flow through. These flinty shields are so indestructible that they may be boiled in aquafortis, and will come out from the ordeal only the more perfect and clear. Time seems to possess scarcely any power over their forms, for beds of them many feet thick are found lying where they must have been deposited by lakes that have been dried up for thousands of years. Many of them are embossed and worked over by very beautiful ridges, arranged in symmetrical patterns. There are shields of some of the diatoms known as *naviculae*, which are quite invisible to the unaided eye, and which appear only as thin films, without any discernable tracings upon them, when magnified 150,000 times. But when the magnifying power is increased to some million and a half of times, the film is seen to be entirely hatched over by obliquely crossing lines, like those which engravers execute in producing shadows upon their work.

When the amplifying power is raised to four millions of times — for the instruments of modern days can accomplish even this wonderful feat when wielded by skilful hands — those lines themselves are resolved into rows of projecting beads ranged side by side, each separate from its neighbor, and each distinctly raised from the general surface of the silicious film. But each one of these beads must be formed of myriad particles, in their turn quite invisible, even when increased by optical power to four millions of times more than their proper dimensions. There is an infinity in littleness as well as in vastness, at least so far as the capacities of the human lenses are concerned.

These surprising little objects discovered by microscopical research at the bottom of still pools of water, and in other convenient situations, are, then, really living creatures, as wonderfully perfect after their kind as lordly man is after his kind. Each one is an *organ* or instrument, accomplishing important work by the transformation of dead matter into its own living structure, and by the production of generations of bodies like to itself, which are to take its place in the scheme of nature, when its frame has been swept away from the scene; hence these lowly receptacles of life are termed *organisms*; and still further to distinguish them from more complex efforts of creation, they are expressively designated *single-celled organisms*. As each cell or vesicle is an organism, so each organ is complete in a single cell. But having determined the fact, that these simple bodies are living organisms, there still remains for consideration the question of what *kind* the life is that they possess. Are they merely single-celled plants vegetating in the water? or are they single-celled animals, endowed with the higher privileges of vitality? This problem has proved a somewhat knotty one to solve. The observers who have studied the diatoms and desmids the most carefully during the last few years, have waged a fierce war over their unconscious forms. Ehrenberg, with a small band of gallant allies, has, on the one hand, claimed them on behalf of the animal tribes, only conceding that they may be designated *animalcules* on account of their microscopic dimensions. He maintains that he has seen them put forth and draw back retractile limbs; that he has watched them while performing distinct acts of locomotion; and that he has fed them with indigo, and noticed the food disappearing into open mouths. Nageli and Siebold, on the other hand, with a more imposing array of supporters, insist that they are not even animalcules, but only plants; and that the retractile limbs and swallowing-mouths of Ehrenberg are merely extraneous particles of solid matter quivering before the alternating currents of liquid, setting into and out from the permeable tracts of absorbing membrane. Before we attempt, Jovellike, to hold the scales for these contending heroes, we purpose to shift our position a little, in order that we may perform the service circumspectly, and with a firm and safe support beneath our feet. It will not do, in this iron age, for an arbiter of destiny to stand upon the clouds.

If a careful search is made among the fronds

of duck-weed growing in turbid water, instead of in the clear pools in which the diatoms abound, a small speck of transparent jelly-like substance may often be detected clinging to the surface of the green leaves. When this speck is submitted to microscopic scrutiny, it is found to consist of a little bag of limp membrane, containing a quantity of fluid inside. It is, in fact, a vesicle, but it is a vesicle of a very curious kind. Instead of being rigid, and wearing a fixed form, like the diatoms already considered, it is soft and yielding everywhere, and it is every moment altering its shape. Now, it looks like a round ball; now, a little projection is pushed out on one side, like the finger of a glove — the ball rolls after this, and a new finger points in another direction, and the ball is resolved into an altogether grotesque and indescribable object, unlike any other creature discoverable beneath the sun. This very odd concern is called the *amœba* (the 'always changing,' from the Greek word for 'to change'). It also is really a living vesicle; it is a single-celled organism, like the diatoms, but it is unlike the diatoms or the desmids in this particular: it possesses the power of bending, and folding, and rolling its own thin membrane about, which they never do. It moves about, indeed, habitually in search of its food, and it carries on its search in this way: it sets up a current or stream of liquid in its inside, in some definite direction, and before this current its thin membrane is pouched out; the body then falls over after the pouch, and yet another pouch projects. If, during this progress, the point of the pouch gets at any time into contact with a morsel of appropriate substance fit to serve as food, the limp membrane folds itself completely round it, and thus forms a sort of interior *sac*. It makes, in fact, an extemporaneous stomach, and in this the morsel is digested or dissolved. The dissolved material is then absorbed through the membrane, as any other liquid might be; and the stomach, having accomplished its work, is unfolded to become skin again. Thus the *amœba* furnishes the curious spectacle of a living creature rolled along in search of its food, by means of internal streams that push its limp skin before them. It is, in fact, a living vesicle, furnished with locomotive powers, and travelling about in search of food, instead of merely absorbing what chances to come into contact with its skin, as is the case with the diatoms. Now, this locomotive cell is unquestionably an *animal organism*: it certainly belongs to Ehrenberg's animalcule tribe. It is in the scale of animate creation what, in all probability, the diatoms and their congeners are in the vegetable creation. It is the radical member of society in his animated garb, as the diatom is in his vegetative form. The primitive organism of animal life is a limp, restless, changeable structure. The primitive organism of vegetable life is a rigid, changeless, and immovable structure. The soft, unarmed *amœba* is the type of one, and the stiff, mailed diatom is the type of the other. Free mobility in the membrane of the vesicle, at once marks it as belonging to the animal domain. The mere power of moving from place to place is not sufficient for the purpose, for vegetable cells often do

change their position under especial circumstances; but when they do so, they move, as a whole, without bending or altering their shapes, as the amœba has been described to do. It may also be added, that when vegetable cells travel, they never avoid obstacles that chance to be in their way: they go on in straight lines, until they knock against some rock ahead, and they then stick there, without any attempt to extricate themselves from the difficulty. Animalcules, on the other hand, steer themselves adroitly round whatever chances to lie across their path. Animalcules are locomotive by design and through intent, but vegetable cells are never locomotive excepting from some extraneous or accidental influence.

Some very curious forms occur among the active animalcules, which, at the first glance, appear to be wide departures from the simple vesicular type of being instanced in the amœba, but which are really, after all, very slight deviations from that condition. These animalcules look like bags with open mouths, instead of being closed bladders, and they take their food into their interior cavities by an apparent act of swallowing, and retain it there until digested. In these cases, however, the interior cavity is merely a fold or pouch of the general surface thrust inwards. If, when the amœba has folded its membranous wall round some morsel of food, it were permanently to retain the form it had thus taken, leaving an open mouth where the inward folding occurred, it would exactly represent the state of the bag-animalcules. Some of those creatures, indeed, have been turned inside out—the skin being made to take the place of stomach, and the stomach of skin, and no harm has resulted to their economy.

We have now shown that the little vesicular bodies we have been contemplating are living structures: they prove themselves to be living by the performance of five distinct and wonderful operations, which dead matter can never accomplish: they select certain nutritious principles that are suitable for employment or building purposes; they transform these principles into membrane like that of which they are themselves composed; they appropriate this membrane to the enlargement of their own bodies; they vitalise it at the same time—that is, they enable each addition made forthwith to take upon itself the same selecting, transforming, and vitalizing functions; and they multiply their forms by falling to pieces, and contributing each piece as the foundation of a new growing organism, capable of becoming in every respect like to themselves. All these five things every little diatom, every amœba, every individual of an allied host of creatures, is able of itself to perform.

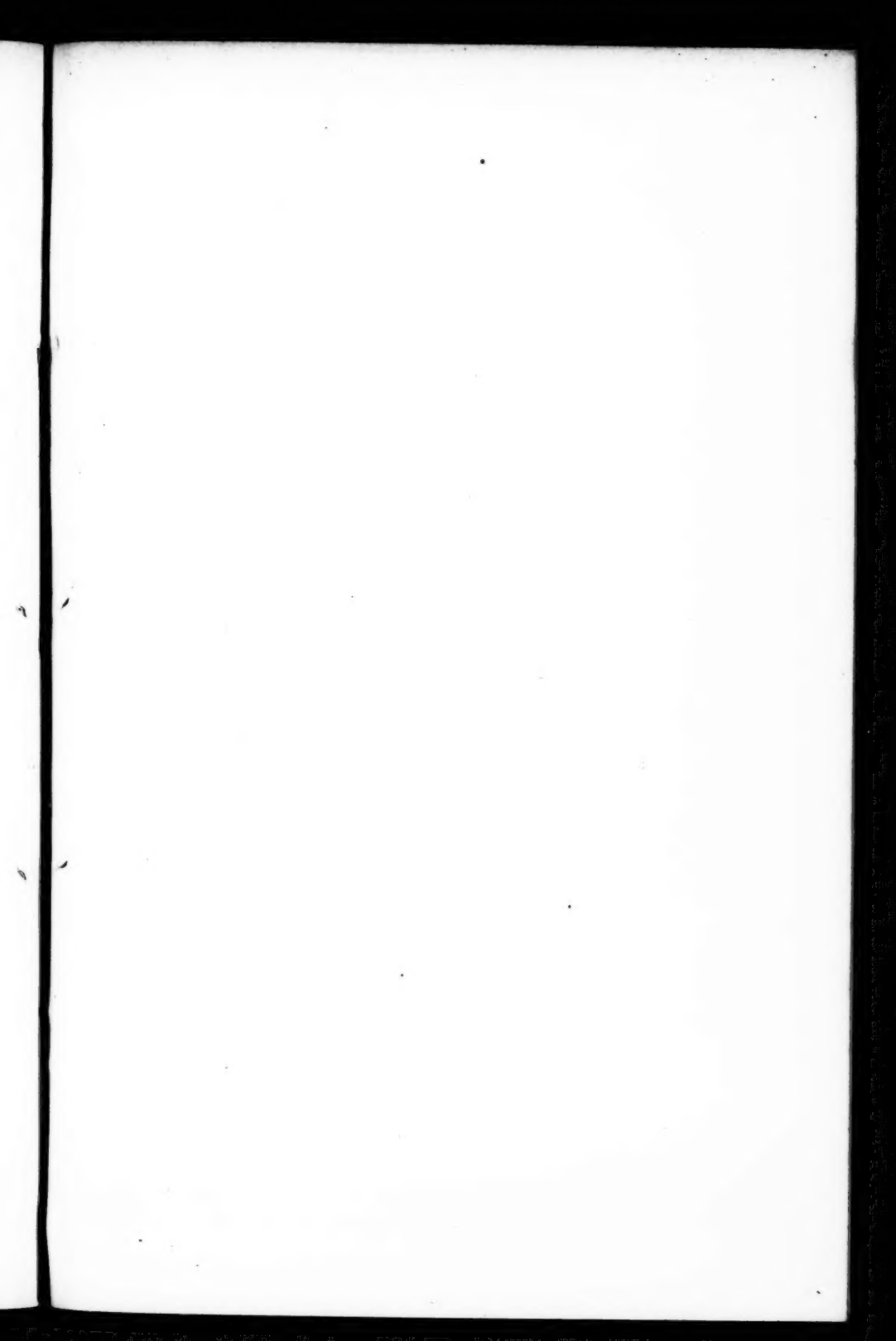
As, therefore, these microscopically minute bladders must be assumed to be the *radical*, or, to use a synonymous term, the *primitive* form of living structure—we can hardly conceive any other form either smaller or simpler—we are in a position to state that the radical or primitive attributes of life, those characteristics by which it is distinguished from mere physical existence, are the capacity to select, transform and vitalize matter, and the capability to extend the dimensions of its own structures, and to reproduce its kind.

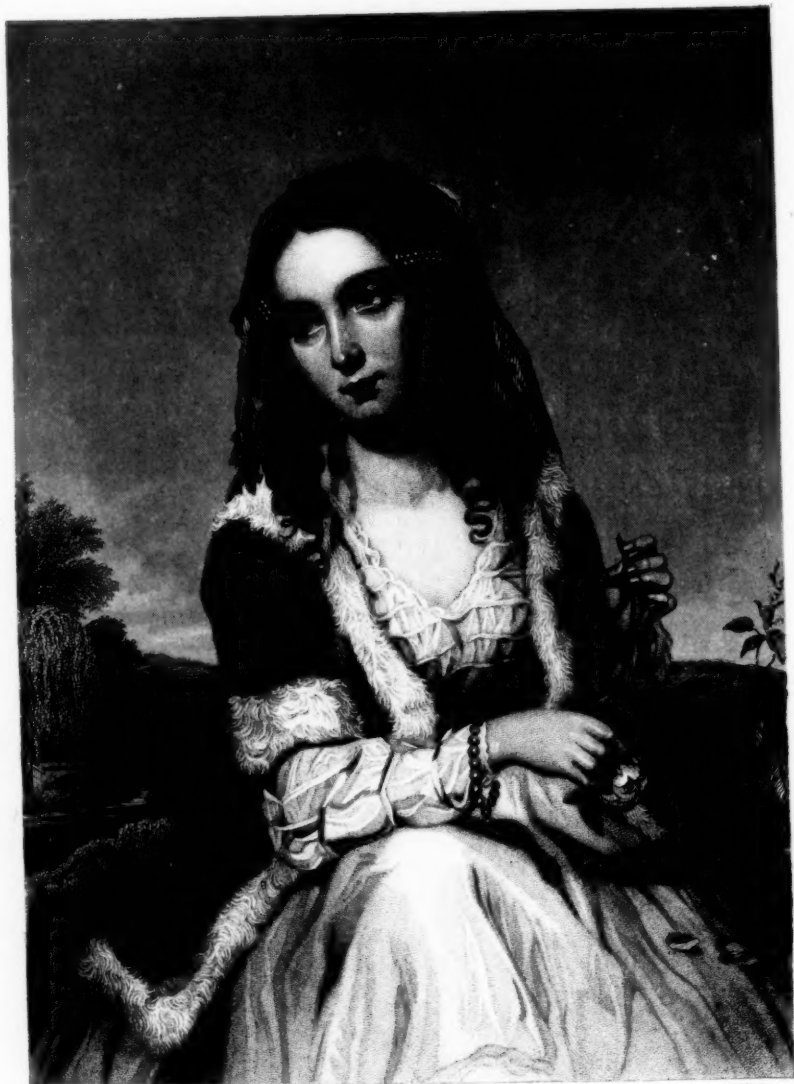
But we have yet to make good our assumption, that little living vesicles are radical members of society as well as the radical forms of life. This we shall now be able, in a very few words, to do. If we leave placid pools and stagnant ditches, and attack with our "prying" instruments the fastnesses of vitality—such noble structures as the trees of the forest and the beasts of the plain—we shall find that they, too, are but heaps of microscopic vesicles: we shall see cells in the green leaf, in the solid wood, in the coursing blood. Man himself is but a pile of vesicles. By the microscope, we detect evidence of their presence in bone, in flesh, in fat, in veins, in skin, in hair, and, in short, in every organ and in every piece of apparatus of his wonderful system. The fact is merely, that in these complex productions of life, the successive generations of vesicles that are formed out of the primary ones, are attached together to build up the several parts of the connected frame, instead of being scattered abroad as a swarm of independent creatures, each being then altered in character and form subsequently to its first construction, to render it suitable for some special purpose in the organization, or for some particular position in the fabric. All plants, all animals, and even man himself, are made up of multitudes of little vesicles; and of these vesicles each one is a living structure, capable of selecting, appropriating, and vitalizing its food, and of growing and reproducing its kind; hence there is in all these creatures a vesicular life, which sustains the life of the individual, and ministers to it, so to speak. This vesicular life, is called *organic life*, because it carries on all the work of organization, and is quite distinct from *animal life*, which is made up of various powers of motion and sensation. Plants possess only organic life. Animal life is the life of the complex individual viewed as a whole, rather than the life of the component cells; still, it is supported through the activities of those cells, and comes to an end the moment the cell activities are stopped; hence the radical form of life is also the radical member of society.

AUTUMNAL SONNET.

Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,
And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt,
And night by night the monitory blast
Wails in the key-hole, telling how it pass'd
O'er empty fields, o'er upland solitudes,
Or grim wide wave; and now the power is felt
Of melancholy, tenderer in its moods

Than any joy indulgent summer dealt.
Dear friends, together in the glimmering eve,
Pensive and glad, with tones that recognize
The soft invisible dew on each one's eyes,
It may be, somewhat thus we shall have leave
To walk with memory, when distant lies
Poor Earth, where we were wont to live and
grieve. W. ALLINGHAM.





W Middleton

W W Rice

The Last Rose of Summer

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

